

December 1960

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The Early Flemish Masters

Futurism for Keeps

A New Sculptor: Mark di Suvero

Parke-Bernet Galleries

NEW YORK



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One of the exhibition rooms showing a part of the Taylor Collection which sold for a grand total of \$958,250. In the background, a glazed terra cotta lunette by Andrea della Robbia purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art for \$40,000; to the left, Tournai Gothic millefleurs armorial tapestry which brought \$32,500, and was also purchased by the Metropolitan Museum for The Cloisters.

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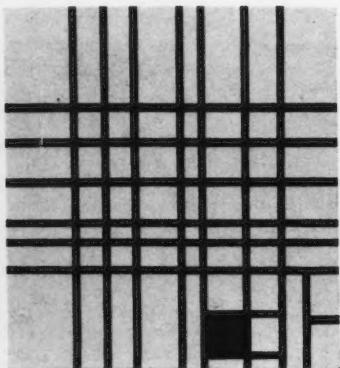
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Contributors

Donald Sutherland, on the faculty of classical literature at the University of Colorado, is known as the author of *Gertrude Stein: A Biography of Her Work* (Yale).

Clement Greenberg's collected essays will be published by Beacon Press in the spring.

The English art and architectural critic Reyner Banham is the author of the recently published *Theory and Design in the First Machine Age* (Praeger).

The sculptor Sidney Geist is currently holding a one-man show at the Tanager Gallery.

Joseph C. Sloane, who reviews William Seitz's *Monet*, is author of the well-known *French Painting: Between the Past and the Present* (Princeton).

Alfred Werner, reviewer of Marcel Brion's *Dürer*, edited the new American edition of W. M. Conway's *The Writings of Albrecht Dürer* (Philosophical Library).

On the Cover

Hugo van der Goes, *St. John the Baptist and Donor*; collection Walters Art Gallery.

Baltimore. See Clement Greenberg's "The Early Flemish Masters," pages 28-32.

Forthcoming

Alfred Werner writes on the Italian painter Modigliani on the occasion of a major exhibition in Boston . . . Manny Farber reviews Selden Rodman's *Insiders* . . . Paul Goodman writes on the meaning of modern design . . . Hilton Kramer evaluates the "Precisionists" exhibition in Minneapolis . . . Jerrold Lanes looks at the latest Surrealist jamboree in New York . . .



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LETTERS

Housing for Artists

To the Editor:
We have joined a committee which is concerned with the problem of housing in the vicinity of Cooper Square.

Many artists live and work in lofts, and are in constant fear of being evicted. As clearance in Greenwich Village and the Lower East Side proceeds, the accommodations available to artists are being depleted. Artists' families with children are forced to live in apartments too small to house them, much less give room to do work. We hope this unfortunate situation can be relieved.

In preliminary discussions with other artists we felt there was a need for new units combining living and studio space, that certain loft studios could be rehabilitated and made legally habitable, and that other loft structures could be used as studios.

The Cooper Square Community Development Committee, which we have joined, has presented its ideas for renewing the community to many City agencies. Its ideas have been favorably received, and it has been invited by the City Planning Commission to present more details of its plan.

This is the first time that a community has recognized the special housing needs of the artist. We believe it is important that the city's artists support it. For further information they may write to the Cooper Square Community Development Committee, 9 Second Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.

REMY CHARLIP
HELEN DE MOTT
EDWIN DENBY
WILLIAM KING

Artists and Critics

To the Editor:
I can't resist commenting on Mr. Charles Kessler's October review of David Simpson's painting and my sculpture, shown at the Esther Robles Gallery, Los Angeles. Praise, of course, is always agreeable—but when it is expressed in terms of critical understanding on a level where subtle distinctions are precisely made, the cup runneth over. A pleasant confirmation of something I have observed in the past: more often than not, ARTS reviews, pro or con, really say something.

One small correction must be made: those reed-like elements on *Duxbury Reef* are not porcupine quills, but sea-lion whiskers. However, Mr. Kessler's idea is a very good one. Woe to the next porcupine I meet!

JOHN R. BAXTER
San Francisco, California

Flowers and Cauliflowers

To the Editor:
... my appreciation of your pictures. Perhaps I don't do the writing justice, but can't find the reason or energy to follow most of it since the writers seem to be competing with the subject they're writing on.

This past season I enjoyed the David Smith issue and was happy to see him accorded this tribute. Kramer was good on the Art Nouveau show, but his positiveness of opinion is often irritating, mostly in what he's for rather than against. You New York people think we're bumpkins out here, but to us you're a pretty provincial little group set down in a big city. The nonsense that comes out of you people can really be astounding at times. But good luck.

RICHARD HOLLANDER
Prairie Village, Kansas

ARTS/December 1960

To the Editor:
Your November issue critic doesn't know Spain. I refer to comment on Alexander Campbell's show at the Panoras Gallery. I am from Spain and the show reminds me of home.

ALFREDO CRUZ ROBLES
New York City

To the Editor:
Your review of the work of my neighbor Alex Campbell impressed me as highly misleading. His work included two very poetic and colorful oils of areas in Morocco that I can safely assume few of your countrymen have seen. On what basis did your publication lump together the work of this painter as "tourist" and "negligent"?

ALFREDO HASSIM
Exchange Student from Morocco
New York City

Long Live the Gods!

To the Editor:
My congratulations to you for giving us George Woodcock's "The Gods Are Dead! Long Live the Gods!" [November]. Mr. Woodcock deals with Malraux admirably, appreciating his real importance but never succumbing to the hypnotic spell that the French word-weaver seems to cast over most of his audience. The article is a fine addition to the pieces he has been doing for you for a number of years now, and which I've followed enthusiastically. He brings a valuable contribution to your pages. And he as well benefits by the association. I imagine I'm not the only one who has been led to his other writings through his articles in ARTS.

A. DONALD HOFFMAN
New York City

Sculpture Stolen

To the Editor:
A small bronze statue valued at fifty dollars was stolen on November 8 from the Hudson River Museum in Yonkers. The piece is approximately three inches high. No photograph is available, but the accompanying sketch was made by the artist, Miss Helen Beling, for the police. It represents a man standing on one foot, arms at his side; the small extension at the bottom is for insertion in the base. Anyone having information concerning the statue is urged to contact the Museum at YO 3-4550.

HUDSON RIVER MUSEUM
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Correction

Corot's *Goat Girl beside a Stream* (1842), reproduced in the November ARTS (page 19) in connection with the Corot exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago, was erroneously credited to the Museum of Fine Arts, Springfield, Massachusetts. The painting was in fact lent to the Chicago show from the collection of Mr. J. K. Thannhauser, New York City.

3rd floor

ELAINE de KOONING

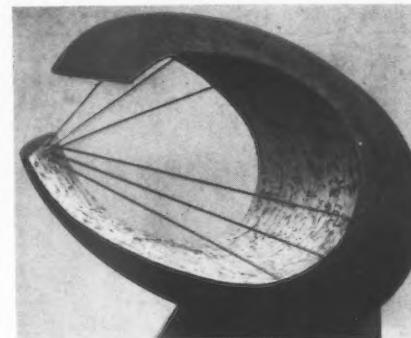
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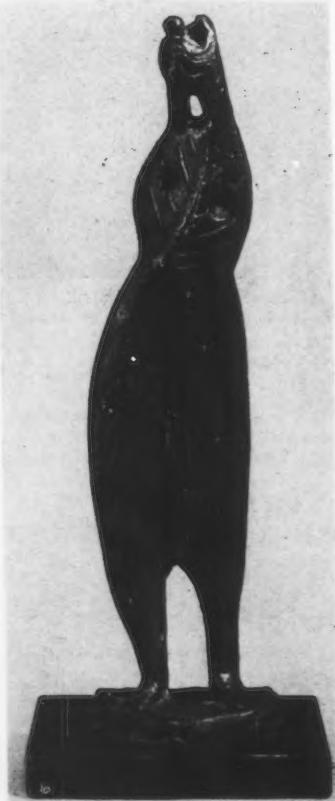
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AUCTIONS

1958,250 Taylor Sale at Parke-Bernet

PROPERTY from the estate of the late Myron C. Taylor, Presidential Envoy to the Vatican from 1939 to 1950, was auctioned in a recent series of sales at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York, bringing a total of \$958,250.

Included in the estate were medieval and Renaissance art objects and tapestries, sold in a final session which brought \$383,580. A glazed terra-cotta lunette with a figure of the archangel Michael, by Andrea della Robbia, was purchased by New York's Metropolitan Museum for \$40,000. The Metropolitan also purchased, for \$32,000, a Tournai millefleurs armorial tapestry, which will be added to the collections displayed in the Cloisters, the museum's medieval branch.

Season at Sotheby's Totals \$19,254,100

SOHBEY'S of London have issued their annual report, revealing a turnover of £6,876,460 (\$19,254,100) for the period between October of 1959 and August of 1960. The figure represents an increase of more than \$3,000,000 over the preceding season.

Individual highlights of the recent season include the sale of Cézanne's *Paysan en Blouse Bleue* (\$406,000), from the collection of Mrs. T. G. Kenefick, and Gauguin's *Te Tia Na Ve I Te Rata* (\$364,000), from the collection of Mr. George Goodyear. Gainsborough's *Portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Andrews* brought \$364,000, the highest price ever obtained at auction for an English picture.

A group of forty-nine Matisse bronzes collected by Mr. and Mrs. Theodor Ahrenberg of Stockholm brought \$306,900; John Rewald's collection of Impressionist drawings, \$268,600; and the late Charles Loeser's collection of medieval and Renaissance paintings and works of art, \$227,500. A group of illuminated manuscripts from the collection of the late C. W. Dyson Perrins brought \$20,500 and included the St. Albans *Apocalypse*, which fetched \$182,500, nearly doubling the previous world record for a manuscript at auction.

AUCTION CALENDAR

December 7 & 8, at 1:15 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Precious-stone jewelry, antique and other gold jewelry, fine furs, from private owners, together with property of J. and S. S. De Young, Inc., sold by order of the beneficiaries of the Jacob De Young Trust, consequent upon its termination under direction of Barnes, Makrauer and Smerdon of Boston, Massachusetts. Exhibition from December 2.

December 9 & 10, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Fine French eighteenth-century and other furniture, tapestries and decorations, from the estate of the late Nettie Gardner Ryan (Mrs. John D. Ryan) and other sources. The sale is distinguished by fine French eighteenth-century *ébénisterie* and tapestries, as exemplified by a Louis XV tulipwood and kingwood *bureau plat*, mounted in *bronze doré* by Jacques Dubois (M. E., 1742); a Louis XV-XVI amaranth and harewood marquetry commode by Léonard Boudin (M. E., 1761); a Louis XV inlaid *table à écrire*; a serpentine-front commode by Adrien Fazlot Delmore (M. E., 1748); a tulipwood marquetry occasional table by Charles Topino (M. E., 1773); a pair of Louis XV carved and painted *bergères*; and two Royal Gobelins silk-woven tapestries, from the celebrated "Les Portières des Dieux" by Le Febvre after the cartoons of Claude Audran the Younger, c. 1725.

The most remarkable price of the Sotheby season was given for the Louis XV silver dinner service from Berkeley Castle, the work of Jacques Roettiers and one of only three such services to survive the French Revolution. Consisting of 168 pieces, the service was sold as a single lot, bringing \$579,600, the third highest price ever paid at auction for any work of art.

There was a distinct increase in interest in antiquities and primitive art. The total of some \$300,000 reached by sales in this field triples last year's turnover.

The Guggenheim Acquires a Rousseau

HENRI ROUSSEAU'S *The Football Players* has been acquired by the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation of New York for £37,000, or \$103,600. The painting was one of 195 Impressionist and modern works auctioned on November 23 at Sotheby's of London for a total of \$1,537,144.

While the appearance of a Rousseau at auction is a rare and notable event, the painting was surpassed in price by other works in the sale. Cézanne's *La Maison Abandonnée*, Gauguin's *Femmes Assises, Tahiti*, and Renoir's *Baigneuse Debout dans l'Eau* each brought £38,000, or \$106,400.

Another Renoir, his *Jeune Fille Nue Etendue sur un Lit*, was sold for \$44,800. A 1906 Monet, *Le Bassin de Nymphéas*, brought \$50,400, and Rouault's *Le Palais d'Ubu Roi*, \$39,200.

Important Sale Announced by Christie's

THE London auction house of Christie, Manson and Woods has scheduled for December 9 a notable sale of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings and sculpture, including works by Boudin, Courbet, Daubigny, De Chirico, Dufy, Forain, Friesz, Guttuso, Ingres, Lepine, Lurçat, Matisse, Metzinger, Morisot, Toulouse-Lautrec, Utrillo, Vlaminck, Vuillard and Christopher Wood. The sculpture includes pieces by Marini, Mestrovic, Henry Moore and Rodin.

depicting *Ceres (L'Été)* and *Bacchus (L'Automne)*, which adopted a new version of the Louis XIV *grotesquerie* decoration. Exhibition from December 3.

December 14, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Modern French and other graphic art, from a New York estate and other sources. A group of French and other prints and posters, including examples by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Degas, Raoul Dufy, Matisse, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, Jacques Villon, Vuillard and other artists. Many of the items are in proof state, with several of them signed by the artist. Exhibition from December 9.

December 15 & 16, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English, French and other furniture and decorations, from various owners. Exhibition from December 10.

January 5, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Oriental art, from the collection of Antonin Raymond, and other owners. Exhibition from December 30.

January 6 & 7, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English furniture and decorations, the property of various owners. Exhibition from December 30.

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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



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Germain Seligman



Andrew W. Morgan

Sam Hunter (above), formerly acting director of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, has been appointed director of the new Poses Institute of Fine Arts and of the new Rose Art Museum, both at Brandeis University. Mr. Hunter has been associated with *The New York Times*, the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and is also the author of a number of books.

The John Herron Art Museum in Indianapolis, Indiana, has announced the election of Wilbur D. Peat (above), director of the museum, as president of the Midwest Museums Association, and the appointment of Curtis G. Coley as curator of paintings and prints at the museum. At the same time the Herron Art School has announced that Bruce Gregory of Woodstock, New York, has joined the faculty for the present year, teaching mural design and painting.

Edouard Morot-Sir, French Cultural Counselor, bestowed the "cravate" of Commandeur de la Légion d'Honneur upon Germain Seligman (above), art dealer, author and holder of the Distinguished Service Medal and other awards, at a reception given at the French Embassy in New York. Mr. Seligman has been an active figure in the international art world for over forty years.

Harry M. Cambrel, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Kansas City Art Institute, has announced the appointment of Andrew W. Morgan (above) as the new president of the school. Mr. Morgan was formerly chairman of the department of art and director of galleries at the University of Mississippi.

Chatham College, in Pittsburgh, has announced the appointment of David Loeffler Smith as chairman of the department of art for the year 1960-61. Mr. Smith has been on the Chatham faculty since 1956 and succeeds Charles Le Clair, now dean of the Tyler School of Fine Arts.

The Newcomb Art Department at Tulane University announces that three of the five \$100 prizes at the Eighteenth Louisiana State Art Exhibition went to members of the Newcomb College art faculty, and one to a graduate student in sculpture. The prize winners were Ida Kohlmeier, James Steg and Hal Thurman of the faculty, and Norman Tinker, graduate student.

Mrs. Rachel Griffin, director of education since 1957 at the Portland (Oregon) Art Museum, has been appointed curator of the museum. Mrs. Griffin succeeds Dr. Francis J.

Newton, curator since 1953, who was appointed director in June, 1960.

Columbia University has announced the appointment of Samuel G. Wiener, Jr., as adjunct assistant professor in the School of Architecture.

Paul Kirchmer of Rome, Italy, has been appointed instructor in sculpture for the 1960-61 school year at the School of the Dayton Art Institute. He will replace Robert Koepnick, head of the sculpture department, who is taking his sabbatical.

The Allied Artists of America has announced thirty-two prize winners in its Forty-seventh Annual Exhibition. Donald Prudy, Glenn MacNutt, William Meyerowitz, Pearl Friedman, Alfred D. Crimi, Lisa Polhemus, Robert Philipp, Thomas Yerxa, Tosca Olinsky, Ruth Ray, Lorish Sloan, Beatrice Jackson, Blanche Rothschild, Louis Sardella, Samuel Brecher and Robert J. Lee received awards in the category of oil painting. Bruno Mankowski, Jean De Marco, Albino Cavallite, Shulamith Brumer and Eleanor Platt were awarded prizes for sculpture, and in the category of water color Chen Chi, William Thomson, Shinji Ishikawa, Herb Olsen, Salvatore Indiviglia, Philip Jamison, Romer Shawhan, Alexander Kortner, and Gloria Longval received prizes and awards.

The Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation of New York has concluded its 1960 Competition for scholarships in painting, sculpture, graphic arts and art metal crafts. Twenty-four applicants received awards totaling \$46,000. Receiving awards in the field of painting were Marvin Cherney, Robert W. Daley, William Hook, John Laurent, Jacob Lubin, Charles T. Meyers, Alex Minewski, Gerard Negelsohn, Jean Seidenberg, Louis B. Sloan and Patience Haley. William Christensen, Carole Harrison, Ira Matteson and William M. Philips received awards in the field of sculpture, and David Porter Hatch and Frederick Lauritsen were honored in the category of art metal crafts. Award winners in the category of graphic arts were Arthur Deshaies, Joseph A. Fay, Judith Foster, Gerson H. Leiber, Joseph H. Raffaele, Conrad H. Ross and Richard C. Zieman.

Matsumi Kanemitsu, Tetsuo Ochikubo, Adja Yunkers, Louis Bunce, Glen Alps and Rico Lebrun have been named recipients of fellowships for work at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop in Los Angeles during the winter and spring, 1960-61.

Norman Baugher, Larry Camp, James McMahon and Earl Snellenberger were recipients of grants for graduate work from the Roger G. Wolcott Scholarship Fund of the John Herron Art School. A total of \$7,250 was awarded for study in the U.S. and abroad.

Otto Botto, Sidney Gross and Morris Kantor have received purchase awards for works selected from the Twentieth Anniversary Exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors at the Riverside Museum in New York.

S. W. Hayter of Great Britain won the International Grand Prize at the Second International Biennial of Prints in Tokyo. The prize jury for the exhibition also announced the following winners: Bernard Childs, of the United States; Halina Krotowska, of Poland; Alfred Manessier, of France; K. R. H. Sonderborg, of Germany; and Antonio Tapies, of Spain. Kumi Sugai, Hideo Hagiwara and Masuo Ikeda received awards limited to Japanese.

Dartmouth president John Sloan Dickey has announced the names of fifteen artists, art dealers, historians, museum directors and collectors who will comprise the Art Advisory Group of the college's new educational and cultural center, Hopkins Center. Included are William B. Jaffee, New York attorney, who will serve as chairman, and Alfred H. Barr, Jr., D. Herbert Beskind, Richard F. Brown, Frank Caro, Leo Castelli, Russell Cowles, Mrs. John de Menil, Mrs. Albert Greenfield, Joseph H. Hazen, Alex L. Hillman, William Bright Jones, James J. Rorimer, Modie J. Spiegel, and Daniel L. Wildenstein.

Sixty-five paintings by contemporary Americans were shown at the American Academy of Arts and Letters in connection with the thirteenth distribution of pictures eligible for purchase on the Childe Hassam Fund. The sum of \$10,000 has been allocated for purchase of a certain number of works from the exhibition.

The American Institute of Architects has announced the creation of a Reynolds Aluminum Prize for Architectural Students, with a top award of \$5,000 to be divided equally between the winning student and his school. The prize will be administered by the A.I.A. under a program sponsored by the Reynolds Metals Company. Under the program a \$200 prize will be awarded to the student in each participating college of architecture who submits the best original design for any type of building component in aluminum. Each school will handle its own judging, and the winning design from each school will be judged by a jury chosen by the A.I.A. For the initial year's program each school must complete its judging by February 1, 1961, with winning designs to be submitted to the A.I.A. by February 13, 1961, for the national competition.

The Artists Guild of Chicago officially opens its new Visual Arts Center building on December 1 with the awarding of prizes in its Twenty-first Annual Fine Arts Exhibition. Judges for the exhibition are Martyl, painter, Roland Ginzel, painter and teacher, and Franz Schulze, painter, teacher, and critic.

The Chicago Heritage Committee was formed earlier this year to fight the threatened demolition of the Garrick Theater Building, an outstanding example of the work of Louis Sullivan and Dankmar Adler. The committee, which now issues a monthly letter on its activities, has expanded its purpose to "the preservation of Chicago's cultural landmarks, and to the communication of values of Chicago culture."

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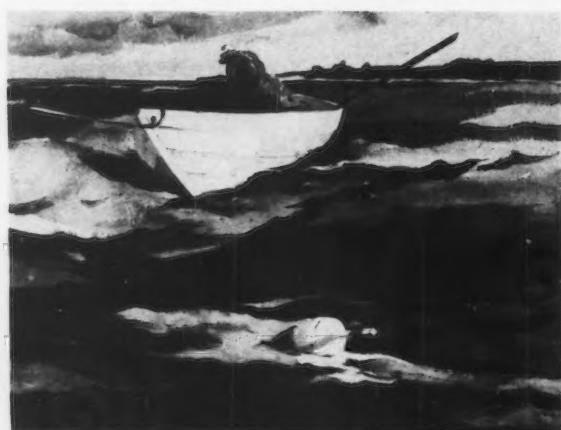
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BOOKS

CLAUDE MONET by William C. Seitz. Harry N. Abrams, Inc. \$15.00.

One cold, raw February day in Paris, the author of this review walked out of an exhibition in the Orangerie, turned up the collar of his winter coat and walked around the side of the building thinking, if at all, about his impressions of what he had just seen—an exhibition of English painting. His attention was suddenly attracted by a small door in the side of the gallery over which was the modest inscription: "Les Nymphéas." Realizing that he had never seen the famous lily ponds, he paid the few francs admission fee and went inside. As sometimes happens in French galleries, the inclemency of the weather carried over into the interior by means of several leaks in the ceiling, which allowed the rain to drip down on the floor and into a few buckets set to catch the larger streams. One look at the walls, however, and everything vanished, the miserable day, the gloom of a Paris winter, the tinkling of the drops as they fell. The glory of the light on those magic pools at Giverny did away with winter, and for an hour he moved enchanted within the world of an old man's final, triumphant vision of light, space, atmosphere and the moods of nature.

The experience is perfectly described by a quotation in this book from the critic Roger Marx, who has Monet say, "I have been tempted to employ this theme of water lilies in the decoration of a salon: carried along the walls, its unity, enfolding all the panels, would have given the illusion of an endless whole, of water without horizon or bank; nerves tense from work would be relaxed there . . . and to him who lived there, this room would have offered the refuge of a peaceful meditation in the center of a flowering aquarium." Precisely.

Like all the books in the "Library of Great Painters" series, this volume gives its subject positively lavish treatment—a series of forty-eight color plates, most of which give as fair an idea of the hues in the originals as modern mass techniques allow, though they have a sort of insistent brilliance which is a little disturbing against the

memory of the canvases so recently seen in the handsome exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. The black-and-white illustrations are of excellent quality, and many of them, such as those of the drawings, are unusual. Following a practice employed with great success in regard to Cézanne, Mr. Seitz has photographed many of the locations seen in the paintings, thus allowing the reader to make a number of highly useful comparisons. All in all, the range of the master's achievement is represented fully and impressively.

The introductory text gives a running account of Monet's artistic career which covers the material at a somewhat breathless pace. Monet moved around frequently, often in a different place spring, summer and winter, and one is hurried from Argenteuil to Paris to Vétheuil to the Channel coast so rapidly that there is a tendency to wish that either the artist or the author would slow up slightly. The chronological table, however, supplies a steady influence, while the comments accompanying each plate fill in many important details. Yet at times it seems as though the author imagines the reader is as familiar with the details of Monet's life as he is, for allusions to marriage, poverty, birth, death, patronage and success appear rather abruptly in the midst of passages devoted to purely pictorial analysis: "Their color key [pictures of the late winter at Vétheuil] derives from the dreary aspect of winter's end. From the faded grass, dirty splotches of snow, blackish bushes and russet mud, Monet evolved a spattered brushwork and a minor key that seem to foreshadow Camille's illness and death in 1879." But the first part of the book is essentially an account of the painter's style as it changes through the long years of his prolific activity. Here Mr. Seitz does extremely well. He has a keen eye and a literary style apt for the clear description of what he sees and would have us see. The rather purple passages so often found in modern art-criticism are notably absent here, save a few minor lapses such as a reference to a painted surface as "tactile as crushed jewels"—a sensation this reviewer has never had the opportunity to experience.

Mr. Seitz knows Monet thoroughly, and has been able to see through the eyes of his subject so well that one would challenge his vision only with caution and respect. It is inevitable that people will differ as to what is before them when they examine the inner life of the paintings of any artist. The account given here of the nature of Monet's developed technique is convincing, particularly in its rejection of the usual clichés about divided-color technique, retinal fusion, etc. Monet painted very variously, adapting with supreme ease what he did to what he wanted to achieve. If there is a defect in the stylistic analysis, it would lie in a lack of explanation for the marked difference between the over-all appearance of the canvases done before 1870-72 and those done after. There is a sharper break here than Mr. Seitz admits, the nature of which is really the clue to the wonderful freshness of the artist's matured style. It apparently lies in the way the paints are controlled in value and also in the use of blue and violet for the shadowed parts, but a review is not the place to discuss the subtleties of this particular mystery.

Monet's fame, both with artists and critics, has waxed and waned a number of times since the brave days of the 1870's. Mr. Seitz is convinced that he was a very great painter, and the book is an able attempt to prove the point. However, Monet's merits do not altogether conceal the deficiencies of what was, after all, a very specialized form of seeing. To the present reviewer, what is superlative in these pictures would have stood out all the more sharply for being contrasted with those difficulties in the very theory of Impressionism which were uncovered so swiftly in the eighties by Seurat, Gauguin and Cézanne. The

Monet, *La Japonaise* (1876), included in the first Impressionist exhibition; collection Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

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BOOKS

degree to which Monet influenced later masters, a subject dealt with by Mr. Seitz elsewhere, is no more than suggested in the present book; but these connections are more problematical, and do not alter the broad picture presented here. If we are loath to ascribe as perfect a glory to Monet as the author, no one can deny him a secure place in the ranks of those artists who have made a large and permanent contribution to the awareness of that beauty which lies just beyond the ordinary eye.

Joseph C. Sloane

DURER: HIS LIFE AND WORK by Marcel Brion. Tudor. \$5.95.

SO REMARKABLE both as artist and man was Albrecht Dürer, and so exciting was the period in which he lived (1471-1528), that it would be hard to produce an unreadable book about him. In fact, whatever faults may be found in Marcel Brion's book, he does keep our interest alive by means of a fluent, easy style. His chief sin is to have given us a text which merely rehashes the painstaking research of scores of scholars, without adding a newly discovered detail (however small it might be)—and a rehash which is often inaccurate, at that. This text reads deceptively well, yet half of it is devoted to background—the city of Nuremberg, Alsace, the Fugger family in Augsburg, the Renaissance in Italy, Humanism and Reformation in Germany, the personality of Emperor Maximilian I, the Peasants' Wars—so that Dürer becomes only one among many flamboyantly treated themes.

Where Dürer is dealt with, the approach often reminds one of the costume novel. Here is the artist, returning to Nuremberg from his extended study trip to Colmar and Strasbourg: "He entered the familiar, noisy streets and recognized many a well-known face, glimpsed through the open door of a shop. The cobblestones provided by a prudent municipality to prevent overflow of the muddy gutters rang to his steady stride. Now his mother, frail and worn as ever, was making a fuss over him. His father appeared, holding his rosary, which he always picked up as soon as he dropped the tools of his trade. Albrecht's boyhood friends, including fat Willibald Pirckheimer, who emerged from a house close by, were already pummeling him and he was hitting them back, just as they did when they were children. He savoured the delights of returning to a stable environment, a permanent possession, not to be relinquished the following day in the mingled excitement and distress of endless departures. He was conscious, too, of how submissive the mind is to such things. One's house, parents, friends and the articles one uses every day are regained. But they in their turn, perhaps even more, regain oneself, in the feeling experienced that the idea of escape is really a delusion and that both the people and objects in question will never let one go again."

And so on for several pages, without anything said to enlighten the reader about Dürer and his work. But while *shmoose* of this kind—and there is plenty of it in the book—might be relatively harmless, it becomes obnoxious where it is used as a vehicle for misinformation. Professor Panofsky, the only authority Brion ever mentions (only once, casually), cautiously discusses Dürer's first Italian trip in a few lines, giving whatever scant external evidence exists concerning a journey to Venice "and possibly to some other places such as Padua, Mantua and Cremona." Brion, however, brazenly describes this journey in great detail in more than twenty pages! According to the French author, Dürer was "deeply venerated" the length of his journey through the Tyrol (he was then only twenty-three); he examined the pictures of Pacher; he wandered through Verona ("in a state of rapture and amazement"); he was introduced

to the Vivarini brothers; he met Bellini during his first Venetian sojourn, and the meeting between the old master and the young man was "one of those decisive encounters . . . which affected him [Dürer] like a miraculous revelation" so that "the days passed quickly in the company of that fascinating master." All of this is, of course, pure fiction, and his celebrated letter, regretting the need to return from sunny Italy to cold Germany, was not (as Brion has it) written in 1494, but a dozen years later (when he did meet Bellini). For an art historian, Brion is amazingly inaccurate in his description of Dürer's second Italian journey as well, for there is no evidence that the artist continued his trip to include Florence, and there is no shred of fact to support the speculation that he went even further south, to Rome. Yet Brion cheerfully writes: "In Rome he only wished to meet the Emperor Maximilian, whose portrait he had just introduced among those of the Feast of Rose Garlands. He wanted to be appointed Court Painter to the monarch."

Brion's evaluations of Dürer's work for the most part are verbose reflections that might fit any picture. Typical is the author's comment on the famous *Knight, Death and the Devil*. The Knight is well aware of the lurking dangers around him, but "he pays no attention to them because he knows that the hour at which fate strikes can never be postponed and that a man can do no more, if he deserves to be called a man, than fight the battle of life, whatever its outcome, to the best of his ability . . ."

Brion is, of course, entitled to his low opinion of Dürer's theoretical writings. He scolds him for leaving his palette and brushes "to shut himself up in his room and scribble his abstruse jargon" and emphasizes the "mediocrity and dubious value of the books he wrote." Yet they were quoted with praise by Francesco Pacheco (the teacher of Velázquez), by Kepler and Galileo, not to mention the enthusiasm of modern artists, scholars and scientists. Many will disagree with Brion where he writes that Dürer's "Renaissance characteristics had never been anything but superficial and minimal"—for one, the very Brion who in *German Painting* (New York, 1959) has stated, "Almost as much as Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer was . . . a Renaissance man." As a rule, Brion speaks of the painter in tones of fervent admiration; it is therefore surprising to read that he is inferior to Conrad Witz, whose depth Dürer never reached "because he did not possess all the qualities necessary for adequate and profitable comprehension."

Brion rebukes Dürer for having been "indifferent to human misery, coldly arrogant and needlessly cruel" with reference to the political and social upheavals of his time, yet most of us will prefer W. M. Conway's more astute evaluation: "He abandoned medieval doctrines, he wished 'the oppression and avarice of the Pope' and the 'false appearance of holiness' done away with, but he did not want the Anabaptists' extravagances, the Peasants' Wars, the image-breaking, riots, rebellions and other insanities which followed, when demagogues led a distracted people hither and thither."

It is unfair to juxtapose, for contrast's sake, "Rembrandt's warm affection for suffering humanity," and it is absurd to trace the "hardening" of Dürer's character to the tools he used in his preoccupation with engraving. Astonishing too, and particularly from a Frenchman after the Nazi experience, is Brion's use of the old "blood and soil" phrase, and his frequent lapses into racism.

The volume contains 149 well-chosen illustrations, of which 59 are in color. Unfortunately, the text references to pictures sometimes give the wrong page number. There is no bibliography. The translation from the French, by James Cleugh, is smooth and reads well.

Alfred Werner

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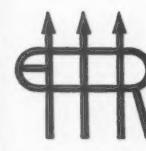
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THE CLASSICS

Berlin: East and West . . . Egyptian sculpture in Amsterdam . . . Rotterdam's Van der Vorm Museum . . .

BERLIN: The French edition of the tourist pamphlet recommends the Kurfürstendamm as the place "pour flâner." And in fact this street, which has taken over all the prestige of ruined Unter den Linden, has been furnished with everything the consumer could ask. Where else can you find lighted display cases built up on the sidewalk, and the final touch of steam-heated sidewalk cafés? Parisian elegance and New York technique are married with results neither of those cities achieves. Berlin is the city of our time, the place where what we have done is made drastically visual. Everyone must see it; none of the descriptions carries the impact of the experience. The art historian can see it all with an extra clarity, observing the special gear shifts that happen as he goes about his business; perhaps the same is true of other specialists.

As we went through the gate into East Berlin, the comfortable crowds gave way suddenly to a pure De Chirico city, except for the weather. The

imperial boulevards showed only rare pedestrians, and the only equivalent for the sidewalk displays was a series of huge billboards with political messages. The majestic museum buildings, half ruined and half in use like all the rest, contain chiefly those monuments of such huge scale that they were not removed for safekeeping during the war. (The rest went to West Germany, where they still are.) Chief of these is the Pergamon Altar, removed by the Russians who wouldn't tell for some years whether it still existed and then during one of the policy changes magnanimously gave it back. As a result it is installed with grandiose impressiveness in a gallery with red marble floors, though unrepainted damage is still as visible in other parts of the same building complex as it is in the housing areas. Besides the altar, the most impressive contents of the museum are other huge monuments, brought here by Prussian energy in the age of Bismarck: the fantastic wall from Mschatta, the Arabic villa-fortress of the eighth century, still suggesting in its northern enclosure the hot plains that produced its shadowed surface, and the royal lion road of Persepolis, where even in the clinical plaster gallery one can imagine oneself a barbarian charioteer. These are the dominant impressions. What is no less haunting is then to walk out of the museum and find oneself, in the nineteenth-century city of another imperial capital, still walking just as before among ruined monuments. This correlation is so close, the continuity so gradual, that the effect on the senses is

shocking. Yet the shock is of the sort that perhaps cannot be reproduced because the moral is so corny. If this were to appear in a movie (if photography were possible—and perhaps the prohibition has prevented this from being one of the world's standard images), it would merely seem bad art.

My hosts explained that one cannot get a cup of tea in East Berlin, so we had one instead at one of the steam-heated outdoor places, after trying at several for an empty table. They recommended that I see the West Berlin museum of ancient art, which is not on the list of starred or famous places, so I made a point of it. West Berlin museums are tucked in odd suburbs and corners; the picture gallery in Dahlem, among the small gardens of a place like Flatbush, was an ethnographic surplus warehouse in the spacious age of Wilhelm II; in 1945 it was a lifesaver. The museum of ancient art is in one of the little annexes of Charlottenburg, the eighteenth-century royal palace. It is the only such museum I know devoted entirely to small things: a classical museum consisting exclusively of Greek vases, Etruscan mirrors, Fayum portraits, jewelry, without a single marble torso or colonnade. The installation, with much use of transparent plastic supports and hangers, and the building itself, with a spiral staircase giving onto little rooms, are both of the greatest elegance; the objects themselves, representing what was removed for safety, which means the most portable and the most magnificent pieces



Egyptian relief, Old Kingdom; collection Leiden Rijksmuseum.

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of one of the world's greatest collections, have all the assurance of their quality. The mood of the gallery, compared to that of the Pergamon Museum, is a microcosm of the two worlds which in Berlin are jammed against each other. We all know that the history of collecting plays a part in what we see; this is the history of dis-collecting.

AMSTERDAM: Some people are saying that the age of the great loan exhibitions is over. Beginning in Manchester in 1857, brought to high skill in the 1890's in London where they continued for decades in famous examples, spreading to the excellent series of Venice in the 1930's and Bologna in the 1950's, they have become so competitive and frequent that they annoy curators and collectors and bewilder the tourist. And yet we may, on the contrary, be entering on an age of loan exhibitions of a scale and difficulty even greater: the comprehensive loan exhibition of monumental sculpture. Who would have anticipated seeing without going to India the exhibition which has been touring Central Europe and which was reviewed recently in ARTS [September]? As I saw it in Vienna, where it was packed with citizens, it was obvious that the objects had been chosen to offer the highest level of anthology, as authoritative as it was beautiful. Simultaneous with this is what one might call the acme of all possible loan exhibitions: Egyptian sculpture of the great ages, lent from Cairo. Both exhibitions have political stimuli: the Indian exhibition was paid for by Krupp, who is building a steel mill in India; the Egyptian one is for the benefit of the costs of saving the sites that will be covered by the Assuan dam. If such enterprises seem worthwhile to those who command such financial resources, the future possibilities are beyond calculation.

The Egyptian exhibition was more modest in that it did not include extremely large objects. This lack was taken care of in Amsterdam by bringing some works from Leiden, the leading Dutch collection. Perhaps the existence of great Egyptian collections throughout Europe and America also makes this less startling or novel to the visitor than the Indian loan. Yet the level of quality was again so high that one is left wondering about the first-rateness of the London and New York museum holdings. And the clarity of distinction, the sense of change from the Old Kingdom to the Middle and the New Empire, also seemed keener than I have ever felt it. In particular, it evoked Toynbee's theory of the history of Egypt, a great creation followed by tenacious millennia of decline, rather than the usual picture of a series of equally interesting "periods." These donkeys (from Leiden) of an Old Kingdom relief, where direct observation is absolutely absorbed into form through a musical rhythm of the fine chisel, fill out one's ordinary awareness of the skill of pyramid builders and statues of kings. Sesostri III, with all his represented density and its utilization to evoke tension, making him look like Käthe Kollwitz, is nevertheless comparatively roughhewn and casual. An alabaster jar of the eighteenth dynasty, perfect in its luxury, clear in its expression, nevertheless—like a masterpiece of Louis XV furniture—expresses a society that has survived by inertia.

ROTTERDAM: Sometimes virtue is rewarded. In Rotterdam it was virtuous to walk the one long street from the railway station to the Boymans Museum, and the reward was to see a small sign on the garden gate of a house announcing the Museum Van der Vorm. This turns out to be a genuine museum, opened in 1958, but apparently not publicized in any way. It occupies the remodeled house of its collector-founder, and is evidently heavily endowed to be adding handsomely to its collections; its newest addition is the picture that must be the masterpiece of Emmanuel de Witte and which was the sensation

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Egyptian alabaster jar, New Kingdom;
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of a recent sale, both in its quality and in its price. The museum occupies about six rooms, and its contents are almost entirely Dutch. (Museums in Holland are less well endowed with foreign art, it seems, than those of any other country, including Italy and Spain.) It is thus a handsome addition to the pleasant collection of privately founded second museums of the world's cities, of which Europe's collectors without tax advantages have produced more than one thinks: the Poldi-Pezzoli in Milan, the Horne and the Stibbert in Florence, even the significant if badly shown Filangieri in Naples and Cerralbo in Madrid. The attractiveness of this new one can most easily be shown by mentioning what is clearly its *pièce de résistance*, the great late Rembrandt *Family of Tobias* from the Cook collection. It is one of those small paintings where dark shadow is astonishingly married to unnaturalistic strokes of rainbow color, and the sentiment of domestic sorrow, however pathetic, keeps its firmness of nerve with the restraint of dignity. Mr. Van der Vorm, no doubt actuated in part by nationalistic motives, is one of the many Continental collectors who have bought back domestic masterpieces from English collections—giving the lie to those irritating people who complain that the national heritage is inevitably being drained away. Or perhaps he was merely turning to the London market, the greatest and most sophisticated exchange for paintings as it is for diamonds and shipping. At the picture gallery in Berlin, they are rebuilding the fragmented collections by buying on a large scale from the one obvious source, the London dealers.

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LONDON

The realist strain in British painting
... Van Gogh self-portraits ... Bomberg's followers ... Jack Smith and Peter Lanyon ... Prunella Clough's re-appearance ...

As if in prompt rebuke for my writing at such length in the November ARTS about "Situation" and the younger abstract painters, I find that this month every British painter whose current exhibition is of particular interest—Peter Lanyon, Jack Smith, Prunella Clough, Derrick Greaves—is a realist of some kind or other. So I shall have no hesitation in devoting my space this month to them, even though there have been some considerable rival attractions—a long overdue Blaue Reiter exhibition at the Tate; a powerful avant-garde triumvirate of Fontana (McRoberts and Tunnard), Mathieu (New London Gallery) and Hartung (Gimpel); and some sculpture shows (Manzu, César, Robert Adams) that I hope to return to on another occasion.

Perhaps I should begin by defining my terms. By "realist" I mean a painter whose work is rooted in something seen; something which is both outside the painting, unlike the case of the abstract painter, and outside art, unlike the case of the eclectic, who is dependent on other people's eyes. There is a striving toward the unattainable about realism, for it presupposes a state of innocence no painter can possess, though he may (like Courbet) boast that he does.

Whether a painter needs a direct visual stimulus or not depends in the last resort on the individual temperament, and for this reason it has always seemed to me to be irrelevant for the critic to take sides in any abstract or realist quarrel. He can sometimes suggest that an abstract painter ought to look at nature again, and sometimes give the opposite advice, for if you are trying to do the unnatural thing the results are likely to be disastrous—artistically or personally or both. The first problem before a young painter today, confronted as he is with fashion-

able styles and contradictory pronouncements of every sort, is simply to discover what kind of painter he is. Borrowed dress is unfortunately too common a phenomenon.

THESE sermonizing speculations have been in part prompted by the exhibition of eighteen Van Gogh self-portraits, almost all from the family collection, with which Marlborough Fine Art opened their new gallery in Bond Street. Most of the self-portraits dated from the Paris period; none of the later ones were included, though a short bus-ride across London was all that was needed to see one of the most moving of all, the *Self-Portrait with Bandaged Ear* in the Courtauld Collection.

Also in the Marlborough exhibition was Gauguin's portrait of Van Gogh painting sunflowers ("It is certainly I, but I gone mad," said Van Gogh). What a contrast it presented! Gauguin's approach to the sitter seemed laconic, even offhand, in comparison with Van Gogh's passionate and neurotically repetitive probing of his own countenance; on the other hand, his composition had a boldness of design that showed up Van Gogh's formal conventionality—was he not afraid to do anything but put the head squarely in the middle of the canvas? According to their own testimonies, Van Gogh was the realist, and Gauguin the abstract painter; if they were working today we can imagine that this is how they would still stand.

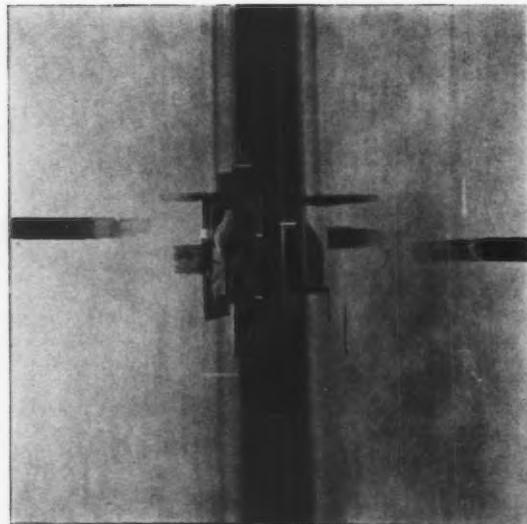
Gauguin's insistence that Van Gogh should stop painting the object and paint from memory must surely have been a major contributory cause to his breakdown and the self-mutilation so poignantly depicted in the Courtauld self-portrait. As one can see from the letters, for a few months in 1888 Gauguin had persuaded Van Gogh that the future of art lay in abstraction. Van Gogh was later to write to Bernard: "When Gauguin was in Arles, as you know I once or twice allowed myself to be led to abstractions. At the time this road to the abstract seemed to me a charming track. But it's an enchanted land, my dear friend, and soon one finds oneself up against an insurmountable wall."

Van Gogh could never match intellectual acceptance of the argument in favor of abstraction with emotional conviction, and by following Gauguin's precepts he was led first to some very odd experiments and finally to the helpless feeling that painting itself was becoming impossible. It was a headlong clash of temperaments. Van

Gogh was not Gauguin's kind of painter: he needed something outside painting to set off the creative process, whereas Gauguin didn't. Gauguin's attitude was, historically speaking, the forward-looking one, leading directly as it certainly did to the emergence of a completely abstract (or, in Kandinsky's word, "absolute") art around 1910; but Van Gogh's preoccupation with the self-portrait, like his expressive brushwork, is a modern enough trend. There are some painters whose work, whatever it may look like, is essentially an endless succession of self-portraits—much Abstract Expressionism is arguably painting of precisely this kind.

WHATEVER the truth of this argument, it is certainly a fact that each generation now produces its realist as well as its abstract painters. At the moment it's probably more difficult for the realists, as their language has become rather threadbare. Nevertheless, the most militant group of young artists in England at present, outside those who showed in "Situation," are the realist followers of David Bomberg. They are determined to find some way of translating into paint their own experience of the materiality of objects, and this means in effect thick pigment, troweled surfaces and somber, turbid color. Bomberg's work has a very un-English Expressionist quality—it is none the worse for this, but it makes him a dangerous model, and it's no accident that his most interesting disciples are two German-born painters long resident in England, Frank Auerbach and Karl Weschke.

Weschke, who works in Cornwall and has some affinities with a St. Ives painter like Lanyon, is now showing at Matthiesen's; his exhibition followed that of Jack Smith. Both men demonstrated convincingly that a painter obsessed with the necessity of recording visual sensations in paint has to fight through to create a language to do so. Smith is still a young painter (he was born in 1928), yet he already has a long career behind him, including a Whitechapel retrospective last year. He was first noticed when a student at the Royal College of Art by the *New Statesman's* Communist art critic, John Berger, who presented him to the public as one of a group of "Social Realist" painters that included John Bratby, Derrick Greaves and Edward Middleditch. The four were shown somewhat prematurely by the British Council at the 1956 Venice Biennale; they were also dubbed the "Kitchen Sink" painters because of their



Jack Smith, *Bottles, Light, Shadow*; at Matthiesen Gallery.



Peter Lanyon, *Solo Flight*; at Gimpel Fils.

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loudness for domestic interiors of the more proletarian kind.

The unity of the group was, however, one imposed by a critic on painters hardly out of the student stage, and in the last few years all four have gone in different directions. Bratby has changed least. He is one of those painters born with a complete and compelling vision of the world which he cannot get down on paper or canvas quickly enough; there are few signs of any development in his work. He has just written a novel, and publicly denied rumors that he is planning to give up painting altogether.

Middleditch seems to be at heart a Romantic nature-painter; a little older than the others, he is more in sympathy with Nash and Sutherland than one at first suspected. His aspiration to work on a mural scale has led him at the moment to the overlarge and empty paintings of flowers that he showed at the Beaux Arts gallery last April. Greaves either has much in common with Middleditch or has been much influenced by him. He too has been painting enormous, rather Chinese, flower pieces, but in his current show at the Zwemmer Gallery he begins to emerge as a distinctive personality in his own right. Like all the painters of this group, his early style was essentially a graphic one, and he still handles paint and color with an awkward lack of assurance. Yet the shapes and the general construction of Greaves's pictures all share this clumsiness, so that it somehow seems to be a natural and quite acceptable part of his work.

To RETURN to Jack Smith (who is another awkward painter): his Social Realism was, as he now claims with some justice, no more than an inchoate attempt to record what was there before his eyes as faithfully as possible. His choice of subject was not in fact loaded: "I just painted the objects around me. I lived in that kind of house," he told Basil Taylor in an interview published in *Art 26*. In trying to paint the objects around him, Smith has been led back to the problem of the representation of light, to which he offers a most un-Impressionist solution. "I'm interested in light as a purely constructive thing," he says; "that is, I would like to make it solid and in that way closer to Cubism" (from which in fact his technique partly derives).

But the question is, can it be done? Is it a realizable ambition to make light *tangible*, at least so far as painting is concerned? And then, one wonders whether Smith's means are adequate for his aims (he has very little natural feeling for paint), and, to return to an earlier topic, whether he is quite the sort of painter he takes himself to be. His work is full of incongruities, especially between his paintings and his drawings and sculpture, and between one painting and another. The drawings are analytical studies, more successful for being less ambitious. The high reliefs are designed as plans for paintings, but in some ways they come nearer to realizing Smith's aims than the paintings do, because the idea of "making light" out of pure white plaster ("I felt in the process that one, in a sense, got hold of a piece of light") is a more meaningful one.

The paintings have the seeds of Smith's defeat. The more experimental, with their diagrammatic notations and horizontal slats of arbitrary bright color, cannot possibly be observation, and one remembers that one of Smith's characteristics (at the moment not much discussed) is a propensity to symbolize. A few years ago he was painting shirts hanging on a line as metaphors for crucified figures, and today he seems to want to find an abstract design which could serve as a satisfactory cosmic symbol for the revelatory powers of light quite as much as he wants to record just exactly how light falls on objects or figures in a room.

Smith is an isolated figure in British painting today, though he has himself claimed an affinity with Peter Lanyon "because I feel he is a realist painter just as I feel I am myself—not an abstract painter." Even if the two men share a fundamental attitude to what they paint, the end results (as was evident from Lanyon's exhibition of recent work at Gimpel Fils) could not be more different.

Lanyon's painting is perhaps familiar to many readers of ARTS, both from Patrick Heron's writing and from his exhibitions at Catherine Viviano's. He has always worked in direct response to his experiences of landscape, in particular the landscape of his native Cornwall, to a degree which those who don't know this extraordinary part of England can scarcely appreciate. This should not invalidate his work to others, of course, but it can give rise to misunderstandings.

Lanyon's landscape style is post-Cubist and post-Constructivist, in that it recognizes the importance of time and movement, and depends on the maximum commitment of the painter toward what he is painting. Characteristically, Lanyon has recently extended his knowledge of landscape in a most twentieth-century manner by taking up gliding, and this is immediately apparent in the new pictures. There is now less Cornish granite and more rain and cloud in them, and this suits his new looser, more gestural way of painting. The sensual surfaces of his pictures are to me particularly delectable, for, unlike Smith, Lanyon is a *natural* painter, whose brushmarks are far more suggestive of the sensation of space and light than anything in Jack Smith's paintings.

As a young painter Lanyon (who was born in 1918) had the good fortune to have the friendship and encouragement of Naum Gabo and Ben Nicholson—and, for all its seeming informality, his painting remains in color and design very close to Nicholson's. Sharing their wartime isolation in St. Ives, he missed the wave of Neo-Romanticism that swept over England in the early 1940's when "Nash, Moore, Sutherland and Piper established an unshakable hegemony over the following generation." Michael Middleton in his evocative catalogue introduction to her current Whitechapel retrospective explains that it is precisely with this Neo-Romantic generation that Prunella Clough, Lanyon's almost exact contemporary, belongs.

All the Neo-Romantics found it difficult to make the adjustment to the postwar world, and few of the younger generation have survived as serious painters. Keith Vaughan has been the most obvious exception to date, and now Prunella Clough, after almost a decade of comparative isolation, has reappeared in public and shown herself a considerable and individual painter. She has been saved in part by her own gifts—notably a feeling for structure and a sensitivity toward tone—and in part by an awareness of what matters in contemporary painting; thus Mondrian, De Kooning and Dubuffet all find a surprising echo in her work.

Like Smith and Lanyon she is plainly interested in the effects of light on objects, and would, I imagine, call herself a realist. In her case, however, it is to an urban landscape, and in particular to the impersonal world of industrial wasteland, gas tanks, chemical works, factory machinery, electrical installations and the like that she feels drawn. It is a most unusual world for a woman painter, and though she is perhaps by nature too reticent to make the grand gestures of which a painter like Lanyon is capable, her success at her chosen level is evident. "I like paintings that say a small thing rather edgily," she is quoted as saying, and this is exactly what her own work at its best does.

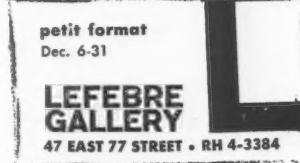
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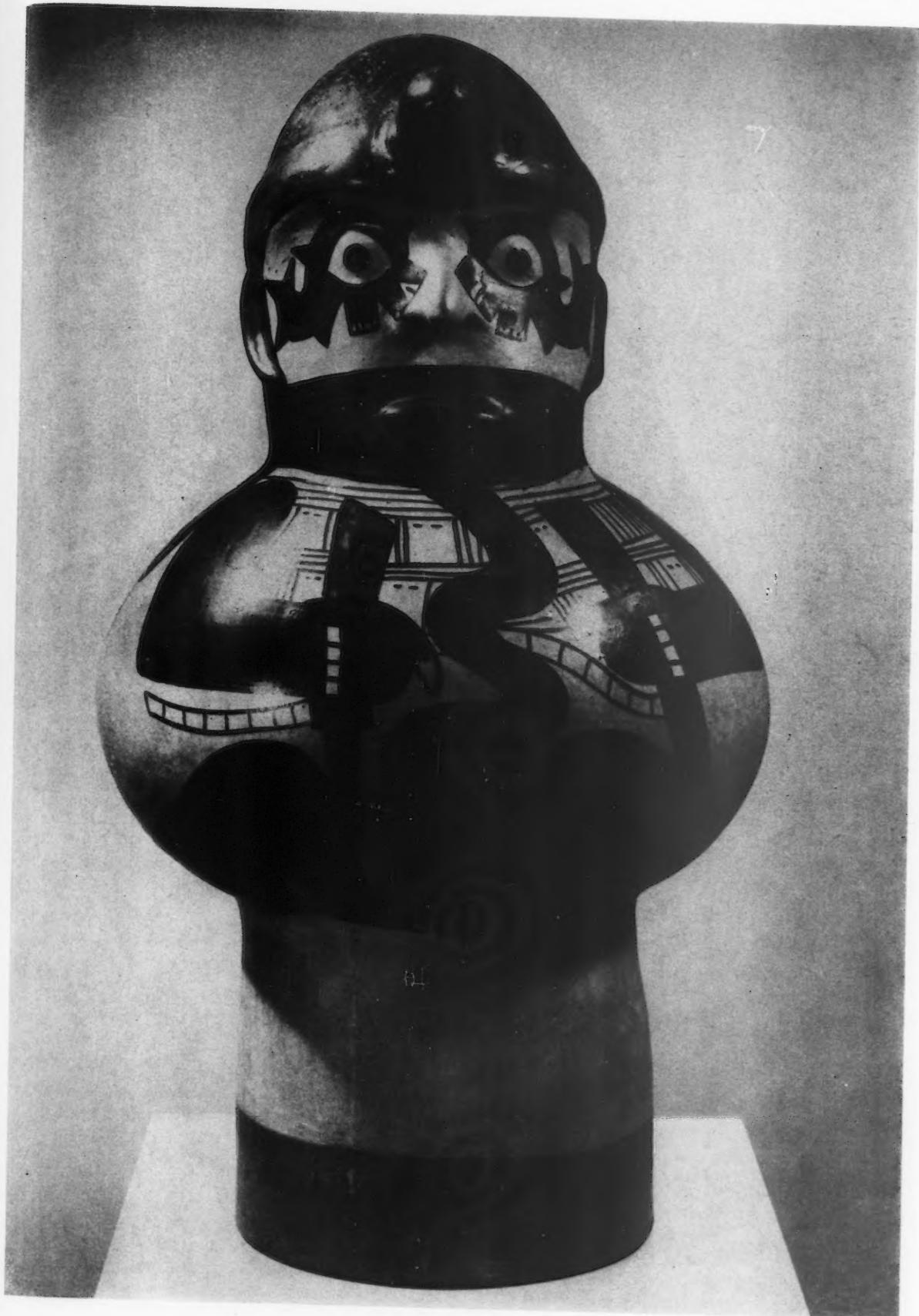
Fernand Léger, *Big Julie*.

Léger at the Museum of Modern Art

Twenty-two paintings, drawings, gouaches and water colors by Fernand Léger are currently on view (through January 2) at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The collection includes two works of unique importance, *The Three Women* of 1921 and the *Three Musicians* of 1944, which is not only one of Léger's masterpieces, but marks the beginning of the more realistic figure style which characterizes the work of his last years. Like the *Three Musicians*, his *Divers II* of 1941-42, *Red Decoration* and *Blue Decoration* of 1941 and *Big Julie* of 1945 were all done in New York during the war. Installed by Alfred H. Barr, Jr., the Léger exhibition is the first in a series of shows designed to display works which usually, for lack of gallery space, cannot be viewed by the public.

The Wielgus Collection at the Museum of Primitive Art

New York's Museum of Primitive Art is featuring (through February 5) the remarkable collection brought together by Mr. Raymond Wielgus of Chicago. Comprising more than a hundred objects dating from 200 B.C. up to the nineteenth century, the collection is being publicly displayed in its entirety for the first time. Perhaps the most striking object in the exhibition is the ancestor figure from the Sepik River region of New Guinea. Also of unusual interest is a gaunt, eroded, wooden burial mask, one of the very few of these Aleutian Island masks ever found. A group of colorful hand-engraved Paracas Cavernas pottery vessels from Peru is more than twenty centuries old. The collection has been installed by the museum's curator, Douglas Newton.

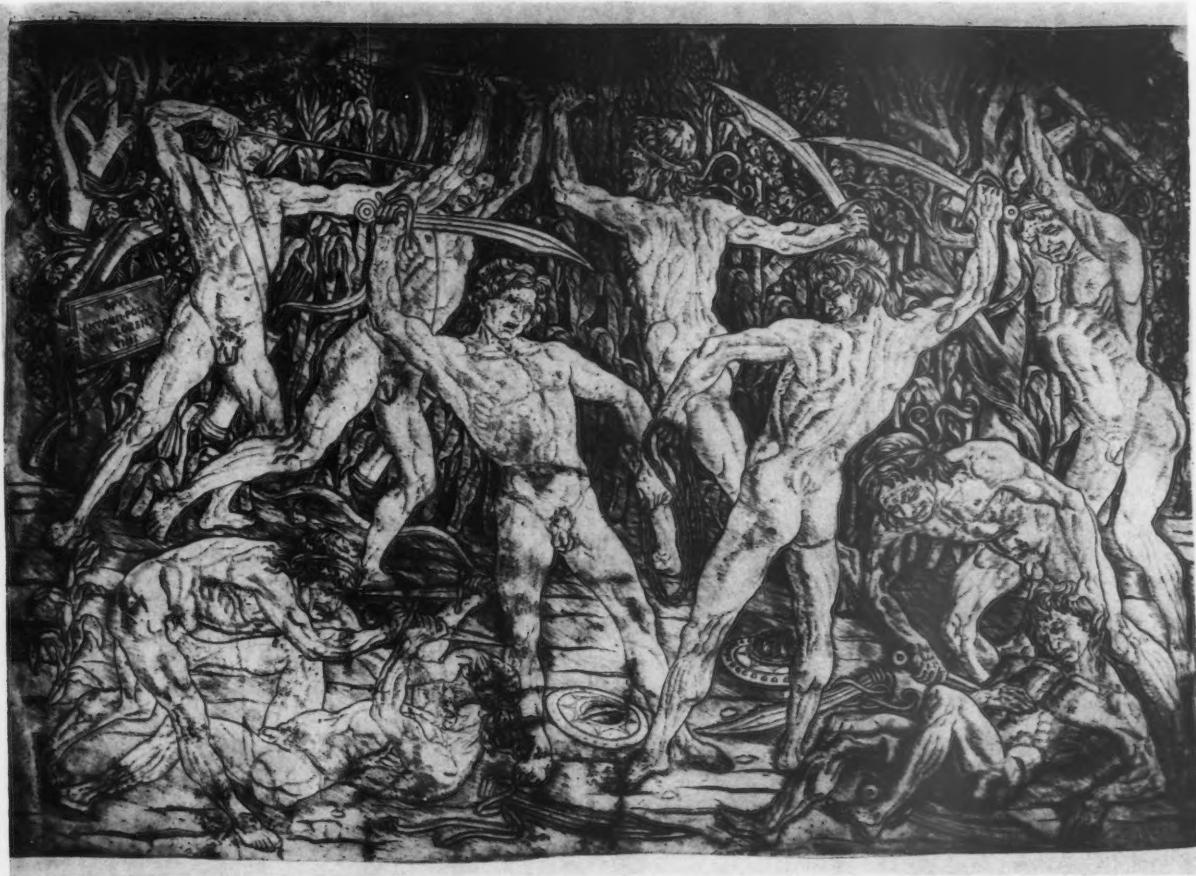


Peruvian Nasca drum, c. A.D. 400.

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Léonard Gaultier, *Famous Men of France*.



Antonio Pollaiuolo, *Battle of the Naked Men*.

Renaissance Prints at the Philadelphia Museum

In connection with the opening of its new Renaissance galleries, the Philadelphia Museum of Art is presenting (through January 8) an exhibition of French and Italian Renaissance prints. Organized by the print authority Carl Zigrosser, the show displays some hundred and fifty prints and twenty-one rare books, drawn from the museum's holdings supplemented by important loans from the National Gallery of Art and the Library of Congress. The exhibition illustrates in particular the relationship between prints and the Renaissance decorative arts that are so richly represented in the newly opened galleries. Included are works by Mantegna, Pollaiuolo, Agostino Veneziano and Zuan Andrea, by Jean Duvet, Léonard Gaultier, the two Jeans de Gourmont, Geoffroy Tory and Jean Goujon, and notably by artists of the School of Fontainebleau.

Napoleon's Toothbrush, and Other Phenomena

Divagation as well as rigor, and charm as well as stuffiness mark Valéry's writings on art.

BY DONALD SUTHERLAND

HERE is coming upon us no less than fifteen volumes of the works of Paul Valéry translated, in the Bollingen Series XLV. Let not this monumentality turn you pale, even if you had thought Valéry could be decently resumed, for contemporary and not specifically French purposes, in about four poems and a dozen aphorisms at the outside. It is only natural that when the major figures of a generation or of a movement have held the attention of the world for several decades the attention tires, those figures fade, and subsidiary or more local figures can gather substance and brilliance to a degree that seems to warrant celebrating their actuality by exorbitant quantity. So, with the fading of his contemporaries Proust and Gide, who made more obvious revolutions out of naturalism into subjectivism, Valéry gleams and can perhaps be extended to occupy their place.

At least this might be the time for Valéry as no other time was. Where the terms of Proustian subjectivism were largely sensation and those of Gidean subjectivism were persistently moral, those of Valéry were intellectual, in a peculiarly classical or ontologizing way, and these terms make a much livelier issue just now than either sensation or morals. On top of a vogue for disorder there is a very assertive counter-vogue for order, for Poussin and the seventeenth century at large, a clamor for intellect, first principles, geometric form and rationality of almost any kind. Valéry, in legend if not in fact, was quite glacial and absolutely cerebral; so perhaps one can be passionately interested in fifteen volumes of him, as one was in the monster showing of Poussin in the Louvre last summer.

Mercifully the volumes come out gradually, and one has time to get one's bearings on a few small parts before having to take on the completed monument. Even getting one's bearings on volume twelve, which is the third to appear, takes some doing. It is entitled *Degas, Manet, Morisot** and comprises a sizable work on Degas, the dance and drawing, followed by several fugitive pieces on other artists; but, as Douglas Cooper, who writes the preface, points out with compunction, the book is not biography, not criticism, nor has it much value as a contribution to the study of aesthetics or to art history. This might be well enough, almost a relief, but the book is also radically out of sympathy not only with the Impressionist movement but with any painting since, and very rarely undertakes a description of pictorial quality. It contains one lovely passage on the touch of Berthe Morisot, and a nice one on a portrait of her by Manet, but is generally kept away from actual paintings by the still deadly questions: "How is one to talk painting?" "How is one to talk color?" So Valéry stays pretty severely off what we should consider, I suppose, the central subject, and even begins by describing his book as a marginal doodle around some Degas drawings, composed, like the true doodle, of disparate jottings subject to the caprice of the pen and of absent-mindedness, oddments which one is invited not to read at all or to read at random.

Cerebration? Classicism? If it were a regular collection of thoughts or maxims in the seventeenth-century manner, one would still have one's bearings, perhaps, but one is too frequently faced with notations like this one on the room of the aging Degas: "There was some Empire or Louis-Philippe furniture. A dried toothbrush in a glass, its bristles half-stained a dull pink, always reminded me of the one to be seen in Napoleon's traveling bag at the Carnavalet, or wherever it is."

One may well ask, in simple consternation, what Napoleon and his toothbrush can have to do with Degas, let alone with his painting. Can Valéry mean merely that in their latter days both of these great men—one exiled on St. Helena, the other even more awfully exiled

from his world by increasing blindness—neglected their buccal hygiene? Or does this only suggest that Degas was like Napoleon in a more essential way? They were both Italian, hence overdid their French patriotism; they were both willful, forceful, irascible, unjust, winning, witty—but what differences! So perhaps Valéry means this strident association to lend a tragicomic grandeur to Degas's pyorrhœa? To poetize it? To Surrealize it?

Mr. Cooper calls the prose evocative. That is one trouble with it, for if one can get a wild amusement out of being enticed into such a tangle of futile speculations as this, into an endless epidooodling on the incidents of the proximate doodle, one would blush to call it cerebration. Ought not cerebration, these days at least, to revolve in an orderly manner around a first principle? But if Valéry induces an improper kind of cerebration in the reader (e.g., me)—does that mean that he too had lost his bearings?

NOT AT ALL. Valéry always had his bearings on a fixed and central thesis, which was neither more nor less than the existence of his own mind. Not a philosophy, mind you, nor a psychology, not even an idea, but the given subjective fact of his own consciousness. One might like to think of his mind as pure diamond, as a limp monad of Being articulate only in a faceting of mathematical or philosophical system, and operating, if at all, by the necessities of logic—and no doubt Valéry in his youth did aspire to such a state of mind, but even then he was aware that his mind was in fact sadly unlike that, a good half of it under the shadow of Not-Being, or turbid with nonsense, flawed with inaccuracies, and subject very largely to chance. He did not accept, much less consecrate, the natural disorder of his mind, and so has not been washed away from us in a stream of consciousness. He still aspired to perfect artificial order, and his mind became almost substantially that aspiration. It had two modes, one strenuous and one relaxed. In the first he insisted on Work and Will Power, Problems and Difficulties, Discipline and Method, for transcending natural disorder and achieving the perfection of the work of art. Indeed he became more interested in discipline and method than in finished products—perhaps reprehensibly, as he allows—but of this limitation on his aesthetic capacities later. At least it gave him an interesting angle on the studies and interminability of Leonardo and Degas.

In the second mode he could simply wait, or doodle, or ironize upon the natural events of his mind—perhaps not sharply enough on the artificial ones. I take it as irony, or indulgence in the "divertissements de notre mémoire," that he notes how his mind, having once fatally seen the pink toothbrush of Napoleon, naturally and meaninglessly associates Degas's toothbrush with it, but chances not to recall which museum the former is in. The joke would be, not merely and mildly on the fatuous mechanics of his own memory—does anybody's mind, left to itself and to casual experience, behave itself any better?—nor especially on Proust, not even on the naturalist passion for the documentation of rooms, but on objective history. History, compulsively precise about which museum the toothbrush is in, would only methodize an irrelevance as usual. As a classicist Valéry was not only anti-historical ("tout ce qui n'est plus est faux") but anti-temporal, set against what Wyndham Lewis attacked more violently as the Time School, to which Impressionism had eminently contributed. But, unlike Lewis, Valéry saw even the Cubist reaction and Cézanne himself as pranks of the same demon of novelty which had prompted Impressionism: their spheres, cones, cylinders and cubes are "toys for infant geometers."

By the way, the translation by David Paul is loose. Its boners, as in rendering *terrain vague* "an area in the void" or *homo additus naturae* "man is the enemy of nature," are reasonably few, but there is a more diffuse inexactitude consequent on the good intention of

**Degas, Manet, Morisot*, translated by David Paul, with an introduction by Douglas Cooper (Pantheon, \$3.50); volume twelve in Bollingen Series XLV, "The Collected Works of Paul Valéry," edited by Jackson Mathews.

making the translation read like an independent work in English. The content of the original, under the idiomatic English, is wonderfully transubstantiated into an English content. As in a memorable exchange between Zola and Mallarmé: Zola said that, as he saw it, "la merde vaut le diamant." To which Mallarmé replied, "Oui, mais le diamant—c'est plus rare." Mr. Paul translates Zola as saying that dung was just as valuable as diamonds, and Mallarmé as replying, "Yes, but diamonds are not so . . . common." Both speakers are evidently Englishmen, one of them a little too dignified for the basic and popular term, and the other painfully genteel. The peremptory vigor of Zola is lost, and so is the quiet logic of Mallarmé. And the latter's most essential remark, "Mais, Degas, ce n'est point avec des idées que l'on fait des vers . . . C'est avec des mots," is not in the same style of thought as "But, Degas, you can't make a poem with ideas . . . You make it with words." On the other hand, Mr. Paul has written an immensely readable English book, and the "infant geometers" above are considerably more amusing than "enfants géomètres."

To return to that snide bit about cubes. It and others like it fill Douglas Cooper with such indignation that he barely manages to keep his preface civil. Barring some dismally pedagogic turns, it is, for both manner and fact, one of the most entertaining parts of the book, but it also brings up a fairly urgent question: can one, at this time of day, endure the company of a mind like Valéry's? Should he not rather, with however horrid justice, be left to History?

There is more to be said against him than Mr. Cooper, who thinks patience and even a little admiration are in order, can bring himself to say. He was a member of the French Academy and, though Cocteau has made it rather chic to be one, in Valéry's case it only brings into relief his ingratiating kind of pedantry and suggests that his enthusiasm for Italian painters, major and minor, was in part a cultural right-mindedness in conformity with his time, not simply an endearing atavism in a man who was as much Italian as French. This dire imputation of respectability can color his best theories—of art as a luxury product, as gaming, or as convention—to an appearance of upper-middle-class apology or provocation, if not of nostalgia for the nineties. And even on such terms, why did he not see that geometric rudiments were as necessary a "convention" for the Cubists as his own classical premises of totality, unity, finality and actuality—those toys for infant Aristotelians—were necessary to the perspective of his mind—its meridians and vanishing points, so to say? Or that the geometric counters were as useful in articulating a pictorial expression as all that Greek bric-a-brac of image and idea was useful in keeping up the frieze-like *démarche* of *Le Cimetière Marin* through the wet weather of its pathos? Or did he see all this? I doubt it, though I would not trust him not to be as deliberately unfair in attack as he says Degas was.

Even on dubious grounds and from wicked motives, he did very well to take those geometrics with hilarity. They had passed for containing heavy intellect, some scientific sanction or other, not to say an anagogic tendency or a special ontological prestige, long enough. It is the cubes and cones rather than Valéry which had and still have a false respectability, so Mr. Cooper or anybody else can mention *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* and the like as solemnly as Valéry mentions *The Last Supper*. Indeed, the respectability of the latter has been going on so long one can forget it. I walked in on it rather reluctantly last summer and found instead a very pleasant painting. It did not seem to know it was a masterpiece. But one cannot decently now approach *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* with anything less than trepidation. I can remember when they were still disreputable and an adventure to look at, though they turned out to be so sumptuously and violently seductive that the question of whether they were a masterpiece or even "good" never entered my mind. Now they look as if they were grimly engaged in an immensely significant stylistic conflict, just as Mr. Cooper says they are, though Valéry was impervious to it. And what are they so significantly struggling about? They are giving birth to cubes. And what is so significant about that? I am afraid the significance is historical—here are the very mothers of the whole Cubist movement, which is not even a movement now, but an Epoch. They are, alas, "*Les Rombières d'Avignon*," hopelessly respectable, since nothing is more so than History, degrading as most of it really was. Not that Valéry can dispel their respectability and make them young again, but what a pleasure to have it ruffled by a mind as anti-historical, personal and light as his! At times he almost sounds like good company.

He does not afflict one with anything like depth. He often thought it uninteresting, and on the whole preferred brilliance or intricacy. He was also aware of the tedium of always being right, and he did avoid it. Though his mind gravitated to sympathy with Descartes and Pascal and a few of the more intellectual saints, he was not a systematic thinker, except perhaps in verse. So he was blessedly incap-

able of veiling any kind of painting with philosophical or aesthetic respectability either. He writes that aesthetics is not his forte—echoing, as Mr. Paul points out, the first sentence of a much earlier work, *La Soirée avec M. Teste*: "La bêtise n'est pas mon fort"—and still another remark: "L'Académie n'est pas mon fort." Though these negations seem insufferably to imply positive claims to intelligence, anti-academicism and higher branches of philosophy than aesthetics, a more valid inference would be: if stupidity, aesthetics and the Academy were none of them his *fort*, they were each of them his *faible*.

LET US not doubt that his weaknesses for Napoleon's toothbrush, for officialized thought and for aesthetics were conscious. With him aesthetics moves on very shifting philosophical ground or in dependency on St. Thomas, of whom the forte was not aesthetics either. Even so roundly dogmatic a passage as "it is the *sight* of the works, which, in art, ought alone to create pleasure and, if ideas are involved, to lead up to them through the pleasure of perception," while it virtually quotes St. Thomas and implies Plato, is liberally meant, since it is directed against the philosophical pretensions of . . . artists!—whose profound explanations as often as not stand more stubbornly between the observer and the painting than do the fleeting obfuscations of the *penseurs*, as Degas lugubriously called them, damning them to the lowest circle, with architects.

Valéry, as a "thinker," neither created ideas nor organized them, but he did entertain them. Quite as Degas said that drawing is not form but way of seeing form, one could say that Valéry's thought is not ideas but a way of seeing them. It is plain from the great preponderance of doodling and jotting in his work that he was less interested in permanent ideas or their relations among themselves than in their occurrence in the "moments" of his own mind—his interest in these capricious "moments" being mainly that his mind, while watching its own divagations into them, might find itself, by reflection or some sense of distance from them, present to its more constant self, to its own integral entity or non-entity. This is no doubt the "mysterious unity" that Mr. Cooper finds in the book, which is made as much of marginalia around the central presence of Valéry's mind to itself as of marginalia around Degas, Corot and the rest. Valéry was the Carmelite of his own consciousness, and we read the disciplines and exercises by which he hoped to reach a vision of it in modeless mode; yes, but historically speaking the centrality of his introspection has more to do with the *cogito* of Descartes, the thinking need of Pascal and certain preliminary stages of Existentialism—indeed one stanza of *Le Cimetière Marin* seems to cover most of Sartre's *Being and Nothingness*:

*O pour moi seul, à moi seul, en moi-même,
Auprès d'un cœur, aux sources du poème,
Entre le vide et l'événement pur,
J'attends l'écho de ma grandeur interne,
Amère, sombre et sonore citerne,
Sonnant dans l'âme un creux toujours futur!*

This likeness of idea gives him interest as a precursor of current Existentialism perhaps, but his temper is very different, a quite unanguished disengagement, in spite of some wonderful rhetoric in his poetry on a tragic longing for the world. I suspect it was a radical complacency in his separation that got on the Neapolitan nerves of Degas and made him call Valéry "the Angel." It may well suit certain cool modern attitudes, but for the average loosely engaged excitable person it is insipid, or lapsed into history with certain postures of the nineties.

All the same, he had his "moments," and one may enjoy him as the Impressionist of a mental world where ordinary objects dissolve in a play of intellectual light, not seldom a crepuscular one. We may now prefer intellectual light to be unmitigated fluorescence or a lurid flash revealing instant truth, and nothing may interest us less than a reverie; still, even if he is understood as a period mentality, there may be something stirring in it that survives history and is actual to us, as—may I say?—the spirit of Monet is. Monet, like Valéry, can be explained away into theory and history, and yet he stays, I think because he was so *fond* of what he saw. One may be more in sympathy with the bravura of Manet (what is more directly thrilling in the whole *Jeu de Paume* than his portrait of a single asparagus?) or with the shrewdness of Degas, and find clearer traces of those spirits in the thinking of Valéry, but he did say he *loved* thought. Alas, I think one has to take his word for it; in his writing he seems to love it without Shelley's passion, without Hopkins' extravagance, without Diderot's rakishness, with all too routine and monogamous an affection

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Hans Memling, *The Adoration of the Magi*; St. John's Hospital, Bruges.

The Early Flemish Masters

Reflections on "Masterpieces of Flemish Art: Van Eyck to Bosch," on view through December at Detroit Institute of Arts.

BY CLEMENT GREENBERG

IT WOULD not be correct to say that the Flemish Primitives are overlooked, but they do get put to one side. This happens to be far more the doing of artists than of critics, scholars or collectors. As far as I know, not a single important painter since the end of the sixteenth century has, in either works or words, betrayed any significant interest in anything in Flemish painting before Bosch. The interest of connoisseurs and art writers was attracted to the Flemish Primitives at about the same time in the last century that it was attracted to the Italian Primitives, but over the last hundred years artists have not been heard talking about Van Eyck or Van der Goes as they have talked about Giotto and Masaccio and Piero. This is true even of the painters who revived a sharp-focused realism; they have alluded to the Italians, to the nineteenth century, to the Dutch and to Holbein (who was himself markedly influenced by the first Flemish school), but not to the early Flemish painters who were the original masters of this kind of realism. It is as if Michelangelo's remarks on Flemish art became a binding negative precedent after the High Renaissance—binding, for instance, on even such a partisan of close-focused realism as Ruskin.

Michelangelo is reported to have said that Flemish painting was done "without reason or art, without symmetry or proportion, without skillful choice or boldness, and finally, without substance or vigor." Roger Fry repeated the same charge, in effect, when he wrote that the Flemish concern with a "minute

and detailed verisimilitude" and their "indifference to the universal aspects of form" excluded them from the "great European tradition founded by Giotto." With one or two exceptions, Fry said, the early Flemish painters were unable to situate "volumes in credible space"; they neglected the "relations of volumes"; even Jan van Eyck was "insensitive . . . to plastic continuity." They had to rely solely on linear rhythms and "harmony of tone" for "unity of design." But even when they obtained harmony of tone, the "sense of color as a plastic function," as a means of specifying mass and depth, remained absent. In short, too much of fifteenth-century Flemish painting lacks that instantaneous, compact and monumental unity which the contemporaneous painting of Italy developed and to which Western pictorial taste has oriented itself ever since.

I think Fry is wrong in identifying this kind of unity so exclusively with the articulation of volumes in "credible" space; after all, abstract art, with its shallow or nonexistent depth, has shown itself capable of achieving it. But even at his most dogmatic Fry usually has hold of the truth somewhere, and here he has hold of a good piece of it. Where painters are as fully committed to verisimilitude as the Flemings were, incoherencies in the illusion will almost always be reflected in the surface pattern. Unity as such is an uncertain thing in even the best of early Flemish painting. The main tradition of European painting received a great deal from the Flemish Primitives in a piecemeal way, especially in regard to color and the shading of color, but it did not receive an integrated vision, a synthesis. And syntheses, not piecemeal triumphs, are what the artists of a ripened tradition look for in the remoter past.

Contrary, however, to a growing popular belief, artists are not always the best critics. There is a lot else to be said for early Flemish painting, as Fry himself would have been the

Editor's Note: The remarkable Flemish show currently featured in Detroit includes two hundred examples of painting, sculpture, tapestry, metalwork, illuminated manuscripts and historical documents. Organized jointly by Detroit and the City of Bruges, the exhibition was shown during the summer at the Communal Museum of Bruges. The scholarly catalogue (\$4.75) was prepared by Belgium's National Center for Research on Flemish Primitives. The exhibition is directed by E. P. Richardson, who is director of the Detroit Institute of Arts.



Hugo van der Goes, *St. John the Baptist and Donor*; Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.

The Early Flemish Masters



Anonymous, *Three Young Girls and the Miraculous Bird*;
Church of Saint-Sauveur, Hakendover.



Gerard David, *The Baptism of Christ*; Municipal Museum, Bruges.

first to admit (and had he lived longer he might have been pressed harder, and more fruitfully, on that and several other large topics). For me, Flemish art has been an acquired taste, but all the more precious because acquired, and acquired relatively late. The impression left by certain masterpieces of that art forced me to expand and revise old habits of vision, as a result of which I became aware, as not even with post-1880 Impressionism, of how much sheerly pictorial power color—translucent, vitreous color—is capable of even when it doesn't "hold the plane." It is the "detached" strength of Memling's color that makes me admire him more perhaps than is thought proper nowadays; and Gerard David's color, which is less "detached," makes him for me, in certain pictures (like both the Metropolitan Museum's and the Washington National Gallery's versions of *The Rest on the Flight to Egypt*), one of the greatest of all painters. An appreciation of "detached" color is eccentric no doubt to Western tradition and easier to acquire in connection with Persian rugs—where color not only holds but *is* the plane—than with easel pictures. One forgets, however, that this disembodied, floating kind of color is like that which makes the glory of the windows at Chartres, which are just as "Western" as Leonardo's painting. (It is also the kind of color that is closest to that in the best and most advanced of very recent easel painting in America.)

That color is the clue to the real excellence of the Flemings is borne out, obliquely, by the less ambiguous excellence, at least for latter-day taste, of Jerome Bosch's art. Bosch's color is tender and delicate like Memling's, but even less "plastic" and far more fambient; it is a thing of flushes and suffusions and puffs; it asserts spatial relations but not volumes; it indicates objects quite vividly but barely defines their mass. Bosch's color is perhaps the least "plastic" there is in Flemish panel-painting between Van Eyck's (in a picture like the tiny *St.*

Francis Receiving the Stigmata in Philadelphia) and Bruegel's, but it is the color that is best integrated with the drawing and design with which it is found. The fact of this integration spells out how dogmatic and ultimately beside the point Fry's objections to Flemish color are. When that color found appropriate employment, as it did in Bosch, it contributed to a pictorial unity as monumental as any in European art. And it is significant that it is Bosch's drawing and design, *not* his color, that separate him so abruptly from all previous panel-painting in Europe.

Ludwig von Baldass derives Bosch's "synthetic," unmodeled and flattish way of drawing, which he calls the "soft style," from a kind of miniature painting, attributed both to Van Eyck or his school and to immediate predecessors of Van Eyck, that is found in the Turin *Book of Hours*. It seems to me that Bosch retains the startling and almost Impressionist naturalism achieved by the "soft style" in the Turin manuscript only in his landscape backgrounds; that elsewhere he simplifies it beyond naturalism or realism. But in doing this he heightens its anti-sculptural tendency, and I feel that it is this anti-sculptural tendency more than anything else that is responsible for Bosch's being the first Flemish master consistently to obtain firmness of design in large-scale group compositions.

HERE we have a clue to some of the difficulties—not the excellences—of Bosch's predecessors. It seems to me that the original vision of the Flemish Primitives was of a realism conceived wholly in terms of the "soft style," and that Van Eyck's original enterprise was to transpose these into oil-on-panel painting. But precisely because it was a vision of realism, and because it had to be transposed into a larger size, the example of sculpture intervened. Sculpture was still far ahead of painting in point of consistent verisimilitude in Van Eyck's time.

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Master of Bruges, *The Donor Chretien de Hondt*; Museum of Fine Arts, Antwerp.



Jan van Eyck, *St. Jerome in His Study*; Detroit Institute of Arts.

I think that, once he was faced with the task of shading and modeling the human figure in larger format, Van Eyck let sculpture seduce him away from the optical integrity of the "soft style." Thanks to that seduction we have the marvelous *grisailles* of the Ghent Altarpiece. And thanks to it we also have the entire achievement of Roger van der Weyden, the least "soft" of all the Flemish masters, and the one with whom the sculptural became conclusively installed in early Flemish painting.

But I also think that the sculptural was far more responsible for the Flemings' difficulties with design than was the literalness of their realism. Without the sculptural they might have soon found a way of making the literal "harmonious." As it was, their besetting fault was not that they did not model enough, as Fry thinks, but that they modeled too much and too closely. And that, when dealing with the full-length human figure, they imitated too literally the abundant lateral and vertical folds of drapery in Late Gothic carving. (The Italian Primitives had better luck with their sculptural models.) Overmodeling is what caused the Flemings the most trouble, apparently, when it came to the handling of volumes in their large group compositions—over-modeling and the "soft style." (But the "soft style" can wait for a moment.) The fact is that one could learn to model from sculpture, but not to arrange the results of modeling in space of more than bas-relief depth. This may be the reason why painters like Memling usually had more success with the wings of an altarpiece than with its middle, for the wings presented a narrow, nichelike space that was closest to the kind of space Gothic statuary itself occupied. The most frequent triumphs of Flemish painting in the fifteenth century tend to be portraits (if only because drapery does not intrude), single and paired figures, donor groups. Not that the Flemish masters do not succeed on more than a few occasions with large figure compositions, but even when they do the result still feels a little too loose: there is too much centrifugal movement, and the margins can seem crowded at the expense of the rest of the picture. At the same time figures will appear too monotonously or stiffly vertical, and with too much unarticulated space around them.

But not all of this is due simply to the fact that volumes won't stay in place frontally or laterally. It happens that all the Flemish Primitives, even Van der Weyden, retained something of the "soft style" in the outdoor backgrounds they favored. And the discrepancy between this background, which manages to be present even when there is no vista, and the sculptural handling of their large foreground masses is perhaps the deepest source of their difficulty in situating volumes (as well as being responsible for some of the most charming passages in their pictures). The disjunction between a highly modeled foreground and a background handled so flatly it could not seem anything but abruptly distant prevented the artist from arriving at a plausible middle-ground. The crux was lack of spatial, not of plastic, continuity. And this lack could throw everything else in the picture out of kilter.

Bosch solves the problem by bringing the "soft style" into the foreground. He broadens and generalizes and flattens his modeling even in his half-length, close-up figures. And at the same time that he renounces detailedly sculptural modeling he renounces that concern with the texture and grain of surfaces which, in early Flemish painting, is as much bound up with closely sculptural modeling as it is with anything else. The "soft style" is for the first time integrated in oil-on-panel painting in a way that does not smack of tour de force. A stable and abiding synthesis is achieved. It is with Bosch, in a picture like his Prado *St. Anthony*, rather than Massys, that Flemish painting really enters the "central" tradition.



The Futurist group, photographed in Paris in 1912, when their work was exhibited for the first time. From left to right: Russolo, Carrà, Marinetti, Boccioni and Severini.

Futurism for Keeps

As our technological century develops, the

overshadowed achievements of the Futurists emerge into a new and more appreciative light.

BY REYNER BANHAM

AT A Milan bookstall, outside the Brera, I picked up a bound volume of Futurist manifestoes, looked at it, put it down and walked off without even inquiring the price. That was in 1951, and I think I must have been mad. Three years later I was battering on the doors of the Soprintendenza in order to get to see the Futurist paintings in the Modern Gallery in Milan, which was—as ever—temporarily closed, and a few days before I had been up in Como to see the drawings of the Futurist architect Antonio Sant'Elia, in the library in the Palazzo Giovio.

This is not just personal autobiography; this is a piece of the group autobiography of my generation, grown up under the marble shadow of Sir Herbert Read's Abstract-Left-Freudian aesthetics and suddenly, about 1952, on strike against it. Futurism, negligible in the early versions of Sir Herbert's *Weltanschauung*, began to look as if it might be far from negligible for us. For instance, one of the prime moments in that revolt was a London exhibition of young sculptors, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, which we definitely regarded as the funeral of Henry Moore. We were against direct carving, pure form, truth, beauty and all that. What we favored, to judge from the multi-legged walking figure of a man by William Turnbull, which we made the hero of the show—what we favored was motion studies.

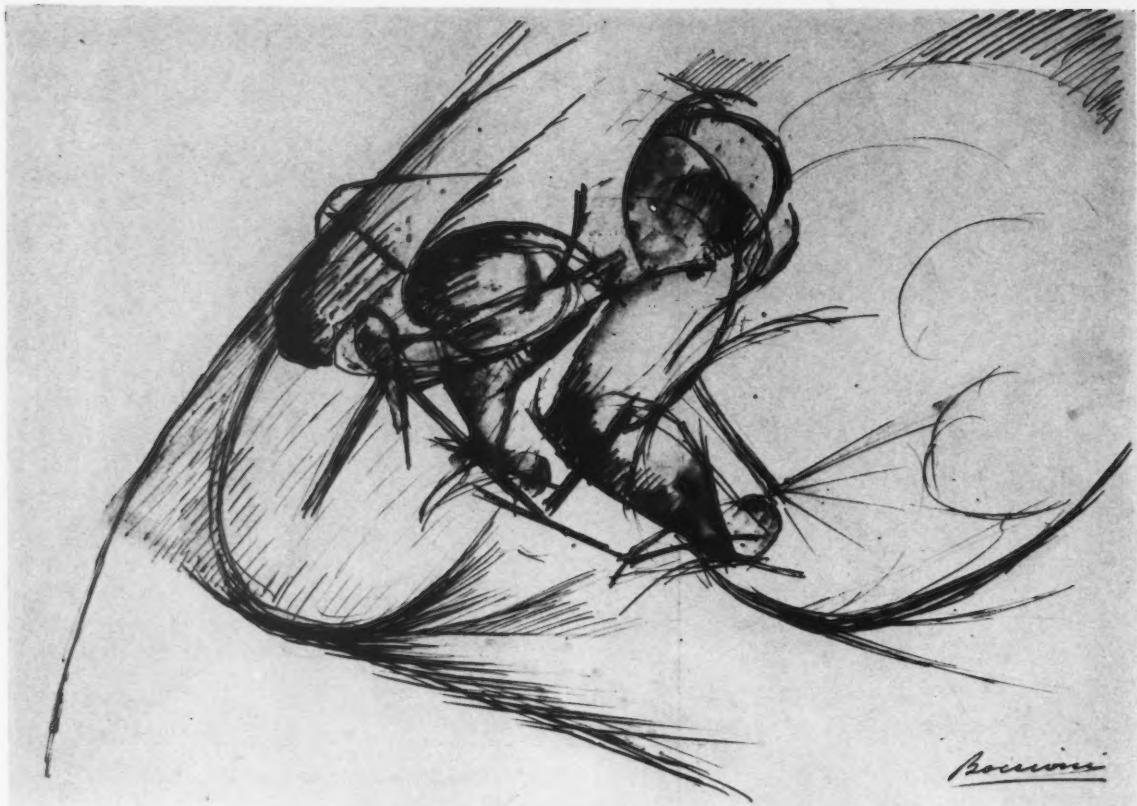
We also favored rough surfaces, human images, space, machinery, ignoble materials and what we termed non-art (there was a project to bury Sir Herbert under a book entitled *Non-Art Not Now*). Being

fairly well-read in the standard texts of the modern movement—Giedion, Kahnweiler, Alfred Barr—we knew most of the prehistory of the ideas that we were handling, but we had a growing suspicion that the sacred texts weren't giving us the whole story and that the Futurists had a bigger hand in all these non-art concepts than was admitted. I was the art historian of the group; research was needed—by the normal charismatic process I was drafted to find out.

What emerged was a less confused and irrelevant contribution to the modern movement than might have been expected, considering the fifty-year leapfrog backward into time, to a world that was separated from ours by two wars, the Russian revolution and the Bomb. The *apparent* confusion is bad enough, but only apparent: behind the manifestoes, demonstrations, leaflet raids, public brawls and obscure polemics, there is a positive message that can be found when the surface irrelevancies are pared away.

As far as the general history of Western art is concerned, the specific conditions that triggered the Futurist revolution are also, unfortunately, the movement's major irrelevancy. The intellectual ins and outs of provincial coteries are always biographically fascinating, but the specifically Milanese motivations of Futurism, and their political entanglements, are as irrelevant to the main story of modern art as the rent-collector farces of *Bateau-Lavoir Cubism*. The overwhelming irrelevancy, seen from here and now, is the Irredentist pitch, the patriotic ambition to see all Italian-speaking territories

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Boccioni, study for *Dynamic Force of the Cyclist, II*; collection Yale University Art Gallery.



Balla, *Linea di Velocita*; collection Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Slifka.

united under Italian rule. Italians can still generate heat and passion about marginal territories like Trieste today; imagine what it was like when most of the Venezia was in foreign hands. Irredentism was far from irrelevant to Marinetti and his connection at the time they were launching Futurism; it produced from them a quantity of hellicose noise, some acts of genuine heroism (including the death of Sant'Elia) after Italy finally entered the First World War, and the final decline of Futurism into comic-opera Fascism when that war was over. But in the prewar period that patriotic strain was a compelling emotional drive, and led Marinetti to extend his xenophobia to the droves of foreign art-lovers who came to browse among the monuments of Italy's glorious past.

Many of this "fetid gangrene of professors, archaeologists, cicerones and antiquarians" were indeed German or Austrian, but Anglo-Saxons were not exempt, and one of the finest of Marinetti's sneers is against "your deplorable Ruskin . . . with his sick dream of a primitive agrarian life, his nostalgia for Homeric cheeses and the spinning wheels of legend . . ." The attack on the foreign art-lovers—a purely local and patriotic affair—was extended to cover the art they had come to view. The art of the past itself became the subject of attack, and Marinetti ceased to be a local patriot only and became a European figure. In the *Foundation Manifesto* of 1909 he declared, among other things: "Set fire to the book stacks of the libraries, divert canals to flood out the museums. Oh, the pleasure of seeing all the glorious old canvases borne away on the flood, torn and stained by the water."

When this was said, an echo was sent reverberating down the decades of modern art. "Faut-il brûler le Louvre?" demanded *L'Esprit Nouveau* in the twenties. "Would you defend the National Gallery?" demanded the *New Verse* poets of the thirties. The moment the Futurists began to generalize their position, to explain why Venice and Florence were "running sores on the face of the country," they began to speak a language that could be understood by a whole generation of European artists, and that would remain understandable, as we found forty years later, long after other art-jargons had become dead languages.

There are two plain reasons for this. First, the Futurists didn't altogether invent their particular pitch. Alfred Jarry with his infantile anti-art nihilism had been there before them, and Marinetti knew him personally. There were plenty of other outside sources: Mallarmé, as both typographer and author of *Un Coup de Dés*; Whitman, whose work they knew in translation; Bergson, without whom avant-garde thought seems to have been impossible in the early years of the century; and the School of Paris generally, as an example of a sort of mass avant-garde. France had come to terms with the idea of revolutionaries in art, and had given them a context in which they could function without upsetting the rest of society too much. But in Italy even these grudging outlets were not available; the small public tolerance for modernism was monopolized by the histrionics of D'Annunzio, and no one else could get a thought in edgeways. Eventually something had to give. When it did, and Futurism burst on the world, the message was familiar in its outlines, even though its roughhouse techniques and brutalist typography were new.

One other thing was new, and contains the second reason for the continuous persuasiveness of Futurist art and writing. In rejecting fine art and all that went with it, the Futurists did not, like the Dadaists, tend to retreat into a position of impregnable but vacuous nihilism. Detaching themselves from "art," they attached themselves instead to "the new elements in life, whose very possibility the ancients could not have suspected," as Sant'Elia put it in his *Messaggio* on architecture. Taken globally, these new elements added up to life in the mechanized metropolises of the Northern Hemisphere. Other artists and writers could just about bring themselves to accept the twentieth century; the Futurists volunteered to join it.

FUTURISM has a characteristic landscape—as surely as Impressionism has the Seine Valley. That landscape consists of those aspects of Milan that could have been duplicated in contemporary New York, London, Berlin, Moscow, Barcelona—even Vienna or Paris. They dug this landscape even before they were conscious of being Futurists—Boccioni's stunning early self-portrait, pre-Futurist by more than a year, shows him as a sporty, fur-hatted masher against a background of a suburb under construction, a scene that is as true of Milan today as it was then. Wherever this mechanized landscape of vehicles, lights, crowds, advertising and impending violence was the real environment of practicing artists, the Futurist message was understood—Sir John Summerson has observed that Futurism is the one movement in modern art that has never been misunderstood by the general public.

The Futurist achievement was to identify, with some accuracy, the way people would live in the present century, and to indicate, with some authority, certain basic ways of responding to it. It may not be too much to say that insofar as *anti-art, pro-mechanistic* attitudes have become current in our time, it is because the Futurists have made them so. Certainly their anticipations of later developments have a range and perspicience that command respect.

The wildest of their unconscious prophecies was to trailer the attitudes of the Beat Generation at a range of forty years. This must be a simple coincidence, unless there is a devious connection by way of Mayakovsky, who styled himself Futurist at one time, but the *Foundation Manifesto* opens with nocturnal philosophizing upon the absolute in a consciously weird ambiance, sidetracks to apostrophize the night people, resolves itself in an orgy of untrammeled automobile, unlike anything else before *On the Road*, and concludes with a car crash that is rendered as a sort of secular mystical experience, a cod baptism in Jordan:

... the car, to my disgust, looped into the ditch and came to rest with its wheels in the air.

Maternal ditch! Brimming with muddy water—O factory drain! I gulped down your nourishing mud and remembered the black breasts of my Sudanese nurse. And yet, when I emerged, ragged and dripping from under the capsized car, I felt the hot iron of a delicious joy in my heart.

This is Marinetti on his own, but the others felt that same hot iron in their time, and produce similar curious anticipations of hipsterism. Night people are epidemic in the paintings—dancers, tarts under the lights of the Piazza Duomo, incomprehensible scuffles in the Galleria, a girl walking off into the fog. In Boccioni's writings too—"the waiter, the playboy, geometricized in the black and white of their clothes, the glitter of a cocotte caught between the lights and the gleam of glasses . . ."—and particularly in the three great paintings of his railway-station triptych, *poésie des départs* at the level of high drama, concluding with *Those Who Stay*, sloping off through the teeming rain across some anonymous piazza, submissive and huddled in their sporty raincoats.

Behind this effective conspectus of modern urban experience stands the internationally underrated figure of Medardo Rosso, sculptor and father of Milanese modernism, whom the Futurists never underrated. His hyper-Impressionist studies of people in streetcars, disintegrated by light and motion, find fresh expression a quarter of a century later in Severini's studies of the heaving glitter of a crowded dance floor, and his memory is celebrated not only in Boccioni's manifestoes on sculpture, but also in Boccioni's use of the streetcar image in his other writings.

In Boccioni, all this has a peculiar significance. He was—with the possible exception of the architect Sant'Elia—the most intelligent of the Futurists and the most conscious of the cultural roots of their attitudes. Well-read, systematic and shrewd, he had a mind comparable to Marcel Duchamp's in range and subtlety, if not in complexion. Applying his mental equipment to the art of his time, he sorted out and codified tendencies that Parisian and German critics could only handle at the poetic level of an Apollinaire, the emotional pitch of a Herwarth Walden. He was easily the first European, perhaps world, critic to propose method and justification for collage and the use of anti-art materials like synthetics: his analysis of the art of Picasso leads him to a merciless demonstration of how little in Cubism is truly revolutionary. He knew, and admitted, the Futurists' debt to some of Cubism's formal usages, but he justly emphasized something that French writers are suspiciously slow to notice—that Futurism's aims were so different from Cubism's that accusations of cribbing are irrelevant. Cubism was a studio revolution, just as some political upsets are palace revolutions, while Futurism came in from the streets and a life that was never tidy, formal, classical.

Against the tidy, classical and formal centralizing composition of Cubist paintings Boccioni set up a "field theory" of composition and space that was spectacularly in advance of its time. The compositional theory comes out best in Balla's paintings, rather than his own—in the big Balla abstracts of 1912-13, the picture surface ripples with energetic faceting that implies dynamic motion across the canvas, the motion marked off rhythmically by near-vertical interruptions like refraction lines across the faceting. The space theory comes out in his own sculpture, however. The verbal statement is in the *Technical Manifesto of Futurist Sculpture* in 1912:

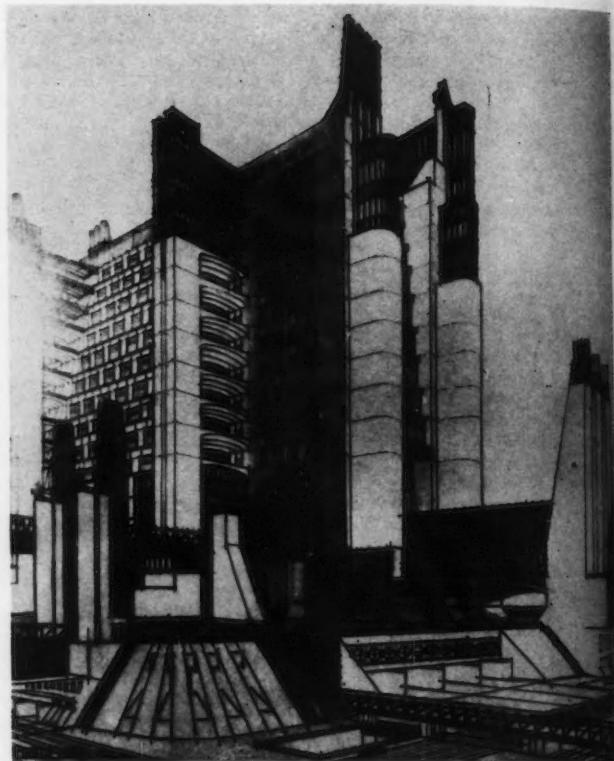
We must begin from the central nucleus of the object as it strives for realization, in order to discover the new laws, that is, the new forms, that relate it, invisibly but mathematically, to the plastic infinity within, and the visible plastic infinity without . . . Thus sculpture must bring objects to life by

Futurism for Keeps

rendering plastic, apprehensible and systematic their prolongations into space, since it cannot be doubted any longer that one object only finishes where another one begins, and there is not an object around us . . . that does not cut and section us with some arabesque of curved or straight lines.

The visible sense of this I saw, as one sees such things only once in a lifetime, when I finally got into that closed gallery in 1954. The place was genuinely *in restauro*; the pictures were stacked against the walls, the sculpture stood plinthless on the floor, and coming round the end of a stack of boxes I found myself looking straight down on Boccioni's famous *Bottle Evolving in Space*. The plan view tells more than any other of the systematic way in which every solid and void is developed as a form of rotation from the central axis of the bottle, spiraling out to intercept the surfaces generated from the plate on which it stands.

But these achievements, the culmination of Futurist art, were also dead ends. Boccioni, as a revolutionary artist, was the failure of the century, and by the time of his death was painting pseudo-Cézannes. In fact, the whole movement—as a movement—was a dead end, and it is impossible to discuss Futurism without trying to offer some reason why a movement now proven to be of the greatest relevance to the twentieth century should have died in its tracks before the century was a quarter gone. Sir Herbert Read, to go back to the very beginnings of our own Futurist argument, has proposed that the reason for failure lay in Futurism's being "fundamentally a symbolic art, an attempt to illustrate conceptual notions in plastic form. A living art begins with feeling, proceeds to material and only incidentally acquires symbolic significance." While I find this proposition historically dubious (how about medieval sculpture, for instance, where the symbolic bit was given by mother church, and the feeling we now admire crept in later when mother church was nodding), my real objection is to the proposal that Futurism was not felt. It seems to me that nobody not insulated from the world by an ivory space-suit of aestheticism could possibly pass through a modern city, ride in a plane or car, or just live around a bit, without feeling what the Futurists felt, and having some inkling of the way it must have struck them at a time when most of the sensations involved were new and a revelation—compare H. G. Wells's quite inadequate attempts to imagine the experience of flying in the late nineties with Marinetti's astonished and accurate image of the Wright Brothers' Flyer with its "propellers beating the wind like banners, and a sound like the applause of a mighty crowd."



Sant'Elia, sketch for part of his Città Nuova, or Milan in 2000; courtesy Courtauld Institute of Art.



Severini, *Pam-Pam in Monico*; courtesy Courtauld Institute of Art.



Boccioni, *The Laugh*; collection Museum of Modern Art.

Conceivably these feelings about the mechanized world are not what Sir Herbert would call the true voice of feeling. But more and more people recognize that they are the true voice of twentieth-century feeling. Boccioni was surely right when he said: "The era of the great mechanized individualities has begun, and all the rest is archaeology . . . therefore we claim to be the primitives of a sensibility that has been completely overhauled." Marinetti's tag-line about "the man multiplied by the motor" is a fair identification of the characteristic inhabitant of contemporary culture. If you make "motor" stand for mechanization in general—which is what Marinetti intended—then the phrase nicely brackets Charles Eames with his power tools, Cousteau with his aqualung, Malraux and his imaginary museum of photographs, and the anonymous man with his transistor radio belting out Beethoven in his beach-shirt pocket.

But for Boccioni all this did not yet have fingertip controls—when he said "primitive" he meant it, and thus pinpointed what now appear to be both the splendors and miseries of Futurism. That generation stood on the very threshold of modern culture; they saw its promise, and asked of it more than it could then give. Luigi Russolo, for instance, in his *Manifesto on the Art of Noise*, effectively lays down the program for *musique concrète*, with its use of real noises manipulated in the process of recording and reproduction. But back in 1913 this could be accomplished only with batteries of hand-operated *bruiteurs*, and the results were comic rather than cosmic. Not until the early fifties did the advance of tape recorders and electronics finally catch up with the Futurist dream, and no man is likely to live out a forty-year gap between desire and achievement. Futurism died

of frustration and distraction into more easily attainable objectives, such as painting pseudo-Cézannes.

BUT IF they were historically wrong in asking too much, the Futurists were historically right to ask. They saw, as nobody else outside the realms of science and technology seems to have seen, what a mechanized culture could do for its denizens. They saw—perhaps in too absolute and sanguine terms—the replacement of the categories of "art" by a dizzy extension of the range of aesthetic experience. In a vital passage of *Pittura Scu'ra Futurista*, Boccioni makes the routine demand for the abolition of the art of the past and then counter-proposes:

We will put into the resulting vacuum all the germs of power that are to be found in the example of primitives and barbarians of every race, and in the rudiments of a new sensibility emerging in all anti-art manifestations of our epoch—café-chantant, gramophone, cinema, electric advertising, mechanistic architecture, skyscrapers . . . nightlife . . . speed, automobiles, aeroplanes and so forth.

"Café-chantant" appears to be meant in the double sense of the place and the music that is sung there; it can be modernized as either coffee bar or pop music. The rest of the terms need no modernizing; they have modernized themselves as hi-fi, stereo, cinemascope and (in Richard Hamilton's succinct phrase) "Polaroid Land and all that jazz." As Richard and I and the rest of us came down the stairs from

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Boccioni, study for *States of Mind I: The Farewells*; collection Museum of Modern Art.



Boccioni, *States of Mind I: The Farewells*; private collection, New York.

the Institute of Contemporary Arts those combative evenings in the early fifties, we stepped into a London that Boccioni had described, clairvoyantly. We were at home in the promised land that the Futurists had been denied, condemned instead to wander in the wilderness for the statutory forty years, their tremendous achievements brushed off, as the English critic Basil Taylor has said, as "unruly incidents."

No wonder we found in the Futurists long-lost ancestors, even if we were soon conscious of having overpassed them. Overpassed or not, they seemed to speak to us on occasions in precisely the detail that the ghost spoke to Hamlet. For instance, we, like the rest of the bright boys of Europe, were grappling with the Jackson Pollock phenomenon. Action painting was important to us because of its anti-formality and its quality as a record of the artist's gesture. Balla, Severini had been there well before Pollock in all-over, a-formal compositions, after a fashion, but on the matter of Pollock's paint-trails as the record of kinesthetic experience, it was Boccioni who appeared to have a direct hit: "Gesture, for us . . . will decisively be dynamic sensation eternalized as such."

It is still difficult to say whether the discovery of these anticipations is reassuring or sinister. In the case of Sant'Elia, his architectural fantasies show a capacity to foresee the forms and spatial usages of fully developed modern architecture that is matched only by the ability of his *Messagio* to anticipate the theoretical positions of the twenties or the fifties. Put the two together and you have a body of architectural ideas that raises serious questions about the originality of Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe and Gropius. If they didn't know anything about Sant'Elia then we have witnessed some spec-

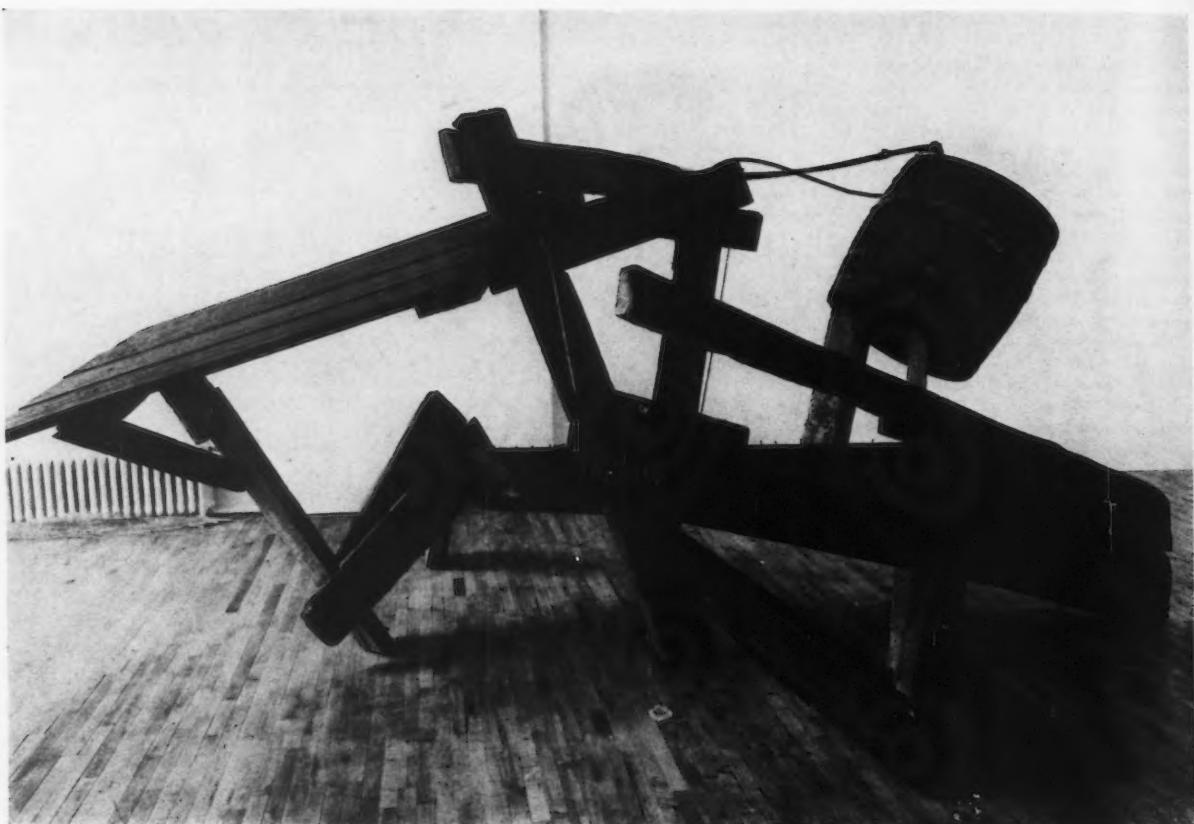
tacularly coincidental historical coincidences. If they did know about his work (they did, evidence abounds), then the history of modern architecture needs to be somewhat rewritten in the manner in which I have tried to straighten the record in my book.* But—and this is the way in which history doesn't repeat itself—the generation that wants to bury Henry Moore and Herbert Read is too emotionally attached to the idea of the greatness of Corb and Mies to allow them to be called in question.

The Futurist spirit, it appears, is with us for keeps, while we remain a technological civilization. But it also appears that the characteristic embarrassments that accompanied Futurism are with us still. This is probably inevitable with a movement whose primary attachment, in its most productive phase (1910-14), was to life, not art. The justifications of Futurism were not, like those of most other movements after Impressionism, solipsistic or purely aesthetic: "If our paintings are Futurist, it is because they result from conditions of ethics, aesthetics, politics and society that are also absolutely Futurist." While life remains as Futurist as it has been, indeed becomes increasingly so, concepts of art and aesthetics based on eternal values will probably continue to prove perishable, like Roger Fry's, while Futurism, founded on change and "the constant renewal of our environment," looks to be the one constant and permanent line of inspiration in twentieth-century art.

* Editor's Note: *Theory and Design in the First Machine Age*, by Reyner Banham (1960, Praeger, \$12.50). This work will be discussed in a future issue of ARTS in an essay-review by Paul Goodman.



Russolo (and assistant) with his "Bruiteurs Futuristes" of 1914;
courtesy Courtauld Institute of Art.



Barrell.

A New Sculptor: Mark di Suvero

His initial

exhibition reveals an artist of stature who infuses the Constructive mode with fresh values.

BY SIDNEY GEIST

Artists . . . know only too well that only when they do nothing "willfully" and everything "of necessity" does their feeling of freedom, subtlety, full powers, of creative placing, disposing and forming, reach its height. In short, that necessity and "freedom of the will" are one and the same when they create. Ultimately there is an order of rank in psychic conditions which approximates to the order of rank in the problems to be solved.

—Nietzsche

IT WAS bound to happen, sooner or later, the appearance of some sculpture that was not merely tremendous or interesting or even terrific, but that deserved another adjective, like great; that stepped beyond our immediate experience into history. And it happened in the show of Mark di Suvero's sculpture at the Green Gallery in New York a few weeks ago. Surely it was a vague sense of participating in a historical moment on October 18 that cast a spell on the opening-night viewers, most of them too young to have had much experience of history. I myself

have not been so moved by a show of sculpture since the Brancusi exhibition of 1933.

History is glad to record the arrival of any new artist, the creation of a new beauty, or the presence of a singular work of art, but the real stuff of history is made of those moments at which one can say: From now on *nothing will be the same*. One felt this at Di Suvero's show. Here was a body of work at once so ambitious and intelligent, so raw and clean, so noble and accessible, that it must permanently alter our standards of artistic effort.

Di Suvero showed three constructions in wood, one carving, four *Hands* in wax, and a half-dozen quite realistic drawings of hands. The largest *Hand*, about twice life-size, bears a strong resemblance to one by Rodin in the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco, where Di Suvero once studied; his *Hand* is transfixed by a steel pipe and is mounted on a rough wooden base that bristles with flooring nails—a startling, anguished image that is out of Rodin by Artaud. The one carving, just under seven feet tall, is almost alive in its immediacy but creates a disturbing feeling of imbalance in its overbulky top

—all the more surprising this, in view of the precise sense of balance manifested in the much more dangerous constructions. It is in these that Di Suvero finds his natural mode of expression.

They are made of large beams and planks, rescued from building projects, sawed and notched, and held together by bolts and steel pipe. This pipe, in short lengths, serves as pins, and when longer, as tense connections between distant members. Rope that stretches from point to point in an aerial drawing accomplishes no functional task but is rather a tactful compensation for an aesthetic gap in an otherwise sound structure.

Che Faro senza Euridice, about eight and a half feet across and seven and a half feet high, is the smallest, the most closely knit and the earliest of these constructions, and is, quite fittingly, mounted on a base. It works roughly within a slightly tipped plane from which a shallow plane comes forward at the right. Not nearly as dispersed in its elements as the other two pieces, it is the most conventionally sculptural of Di Suvero's constructions. It gives an impression of taut, contained power, its chunky wooden parts flying off and out only to be pulled back by the slender and implacable metal pipe.

Hankchampion and *Barrell*, twelve and sixteen feet long, occupied a gallery to themselves. *Hankchampion* is anchored to an upright twelve-by-twelve beam as to a premise; a series of planks move down and out from it in an angular spiral, till a high crosspiece returns to it, supporting two short parts held in ambiguous balance by a heavy chain that falls from their ends. The point here is the logic of the progression from stable beginning to unstable culmination.

Barrell is a sprawling, staggering work, composed of a system of diagonals that looks like a spatial version of one of those old-fashioned telescoping wall hangers. At one end, slanting down off the openwork of the construction, is a large plane painted dull red. At the other, balanced on the ends of two beams and leaning out with the aid of a cable, is an outrageous fat barrel, its interior gaping black. Here again, built into the thrust and tilt of the structural members, is a logic of passage from that hard, red plane to the soft, dark volume.

The sculptor has handled his timbers in magisterial fashion, matching the crudity of the material with the directness of the cutting and the simplicity of the joinery. As a kind of reward the color turns out right, and especially beautiful in the case of *Che Faro senza Euridice*. Let us note here, in case there is any doubt about it, that these pieces always remain in that

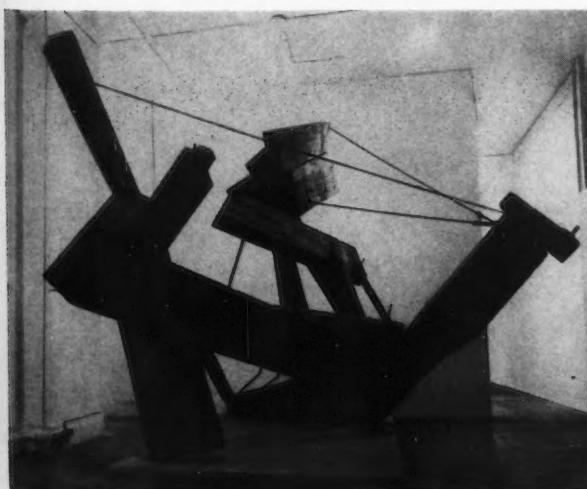
indigestible condition known as sculpture, and are never assimilated by the idea of architecture or of place. Employing as they do some of the means and materials of architecture, occupying large areas, they raise the disturbing question whether constructions at this size can properly be called sculpture. However, they offer neither shelter nor enclosure, whether virtual or actual; they contain neither platform nor other means of access and, in fact, reject the intruder. Indeed, these unusual pieces have a number of traditionally sculptural virtues: seriousness, silence, expansiveness, autonomy, variety in unity. Let us add uselessness: they remain outside us, good only for contemplation.

Sculpture, as everyone knows, is concerned with space, and Di Suvero's sculptures take their place in it as easily as a fish in water; deep and broad, and made with both eyes open, they suffer more than most sculpture from one-eyed photography. But whereas space is usually discussed in terms of this or that kind of space, this or that intuition of space, Di Suvero takes a leap into real space, embracing a lot of it and giving it back warmed up. He proclaims it as the realm in which anything can happen, in which all manner of movement and relation can occur, in short, as man's element, his field of endless exploration. The optimism that went into the making of his sculpture comes off in an almost measurable emanation. This is succeeded by a sense of the purity of the sculpture, of the sculptural gesture, of the sculptor, and ultimately by the rare sensation of purity.

Di Suvero takes his real stand and makes an unparalleled impression in the moral zone. Formally, his wooden pieces belong to a well-known history of Constructive sculpture; all of his invention cannot avail against that history, and in the end it is the purity of his gesture which stands against it, taking it to a new point of affirmation and questioning.

It is valuable here to note the relation of Constructivism to Cubism. Cubism is a way of dealing with the visible world: it examines objects—apples, bottles, people. In painting it shows us *this side—that side*; in sculpture it shows us *inside—outside*. Hence the Cubism of Picasso's and Gonzalez' sculpture and the "cubizing" of so many others.

Constructivism is Cubism with the object left out. This "purification" was accomplished early by Mondrian and Malevich in



Che Faro senza Euridice.

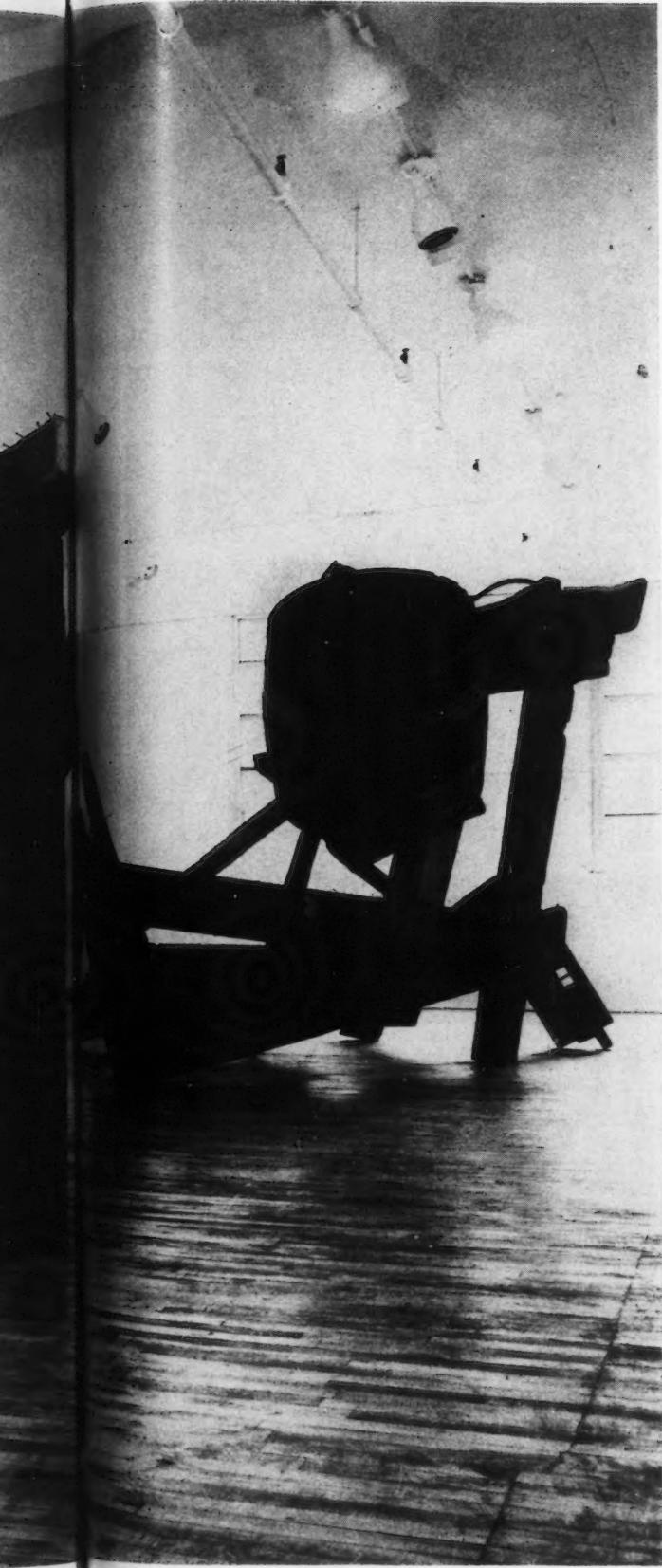


Hankchampion.

A New Sculptor: Mark di Suvero



A view of the Di Suvero exhibition, with *Hankchampion* to the left and *Barrell* to the right.



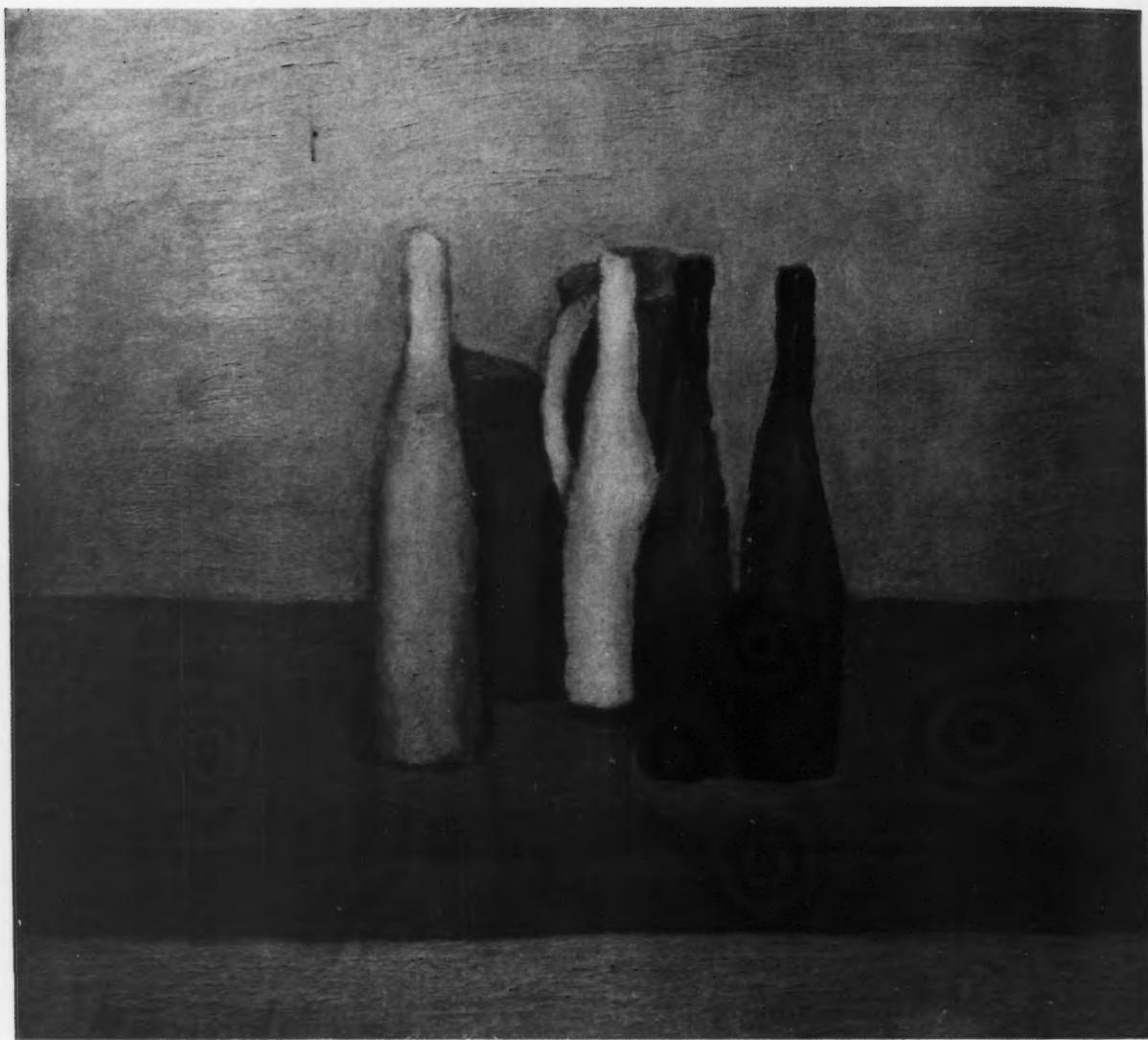
painting and by a marvelous group of Russians* in sculpture. Into the vacuum created by the sucking out of the object, a host of religious and political ideas rushed in. In the case of Calder, these are supplanted by real movement, and in recent Constructivism, which (following a style of designation) we may call Constructive Expressionism, they are supplanted by the presence of a man—the sculptor. This is the development whose latest point is Di Suvero, the slowly achieved reaction to Russian and Dutch Constructivism which in their burning idealism reduced themselves to an unfleshed and eventually intolerable geometric scaffolding. While preserving the original Constructivist vision of an imageless sculpture of relatively slender elements arranged in an open style, the modular, machine-like, predictable quality of the pioneer work (with its concomitant ideas of social order) has given way in recent years to an irregular, temperamental, unpredictable quality (with its overtones of *Existenz*).

If Di Suvero is working in a style he didn't invent, he has paid off his debt to it by more than merely modernizing it; he has, by sheer size it appears, effected a further "purification." Constructivism had to be around for forty years till he turned up, familiar with its modes and energetic and enthusiastic enough to take the idea at its face value. "Construct?" he says; "O.K., let's construct!" And taking a lot of old building lumber, he makes the biggest constructions yet. Now the early constructions, while eliminating the object, became objects themselves, and this because of their relatively small size: they were made on studio tables. These sculptures could comfortably, as for size, find a lodging in the viewer's mind. But Di Suvero's sculptures are not assimilable in that fashion. Spread over a length of nine, twelve and sixteen feet, their immense members shunting, slanting, teetering in an airy orchestration, they dissolve as objects. By a curious effect these most material sculptures become idea. This "purification" of matter, this divestment of all but pure gesture and movement of idea is, I think, peculiarly American. "Curious effect"—I mean, of course, art; size and energy are the Scylla and Charybdis of so much recent work. But while Di Suvero's sculpture is so large as to escape thingness, it never overwhelms us physically; one can feel the making man. And the great energy he has put into it comes out; it is not merely energetic, it is energizing.

Mark di Suvero is only twenty-seven. He has made a proper use of his youth in carrying out a magnificent and improbable task. There were three master works at the Green Gallery and there are two others in a bleak loft in downtown New York, all done, after a period of trial and error, in half a year. This looks like a life's work, and if he never did another thing no one could complain. Large, generous and dazzlingly pure, his work is the opposite of the cynicism and small ideas that clutter the world of art. These works escape the relativism of our usual judgments and attain to an absolute point. We can be proud to claim them as ours—I mean we who belong to the modern art of this century. I know little personally of the forces that formed him, but of this we can be certain: Di Suvero is a high product of modern thought, the guarantee that the adventure of modern art has not been a mistake and that the American part of it has been a glorious one.

In this context it is pointless to ask where Di Suvero can go from here. What is important is to know that he is here, and to see where these sculptures go as they start their journey in time, down the long perspective they help to create, moving with their shift and slant, their flight and fall, to what unknown happy landing.

* See "Avant-Garde and Revolution," by K. A. Jelenski (ARTS, October, 1960).



Giorgio Morandi, *Still Life* (oil, 1957); at World House Galleries.

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY SIDNEY TILLIM

THE World House Galleries are showing a broad selection of works by one of the few great living masters of modern art, the Italian painter Giorgio Morandi, who celebrated his seventieth birthday last July. The exhibition (December 6—January 14) includes etchings from 1915 to 1945, paintings from 1935 to the present, a number of pencil sketches, and water colors from the past three years—sixty-one pieces in all. Since Morandi has survived the rapidly changing humors of modern art by taking no part in them after a certain point in his own development, his exhibition offers a suitable occasion for the re-examination

of the role of appearances in a style in which they have generally been regarded as either unimportant or secondary.

It is well known by now that Morandi has, since before the First World War, been unwaveringly dedicated to a figurative style of which his still lifes of old bottles, lamps, vases and like objects are the best known. These still lifes have achieved their currency as an "abstract" expression because their dramatic spatialization confers symbolic status on the objects, compromising their actuality by making them ambiguous. They are seen in a supportive role to form and color—an impression that is enhanced by the impersonality of the surroundings in which one of the broad horizontal planes acts as a table. The purity of their mass and the subtle gradations of exquisite color further augment the impression that their physical identity is relative. Yet one of the conclusions that can be drawn from this exhibition is that as his works have increased in austerity and formality in recent years, the literal content has become more realistic. The ambiguity, in fact, intensifies the corporeal actuality of the models.

Compare for instance the *Still Life* of 1935 with the *Still Life* of 1957 in which a white bottle is slightly to the right of center of the picture—a characteristic later arrangement of four bottles and two pitchers, cool in color but warmed by the energy of an internal light. The early painting is certainly more conventionally abstract, more concerned with shape and pattern, the variety of which passes over into the later work and others like it in the form of constantly altered relationships between *actual* objects. It is true that around 1918 Morandi, under the passing influence of De Chirico and Carrà, painted so-called "metaphysical" still lifes that were almost Caravaggesque in their dramatic precision, but they too are dominated by an idea that repressed the painterly sensuality that emerged in his mature painting style. Or take the etching of 1915. Its attenuated forms are characteristic of the more purely aesthetic still lifes of those years with their consciously stylized shapes and colors. Now as the bottles regain their identity, the color becomes increasingly refined by the tension of their isolation in space, a tension equal to the resulting aggressiveness of the bottles against which the much-whitened color acts as a buffer. Morandi's landscapes have the same immobile quality of his still lifes but are more dispersed in arrangement, less varied in color, and, besides, they have nature's own variety—to which the artist responds by broadly simplifying the masses in thin washes of almost chalky color. But the landscape seems to thwart his need for explicit, less abstract but symbolic relationships. The sketches show how he sorts out those relationships with a few schematic lines, while, similarly, the water colors are barely more than a few contours or shadows. But shadows imply substance, and Morandi's bottles are modeled with light and they cast shadows. So do people.

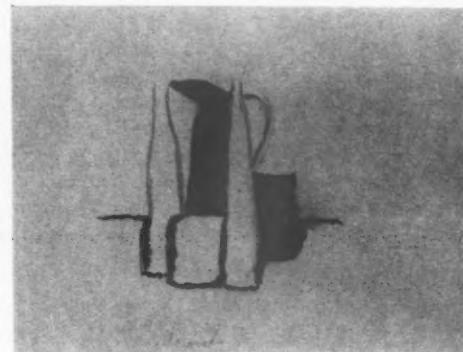
Claiming that the bottles "do not pretend to have a life of their own," Professor Lionello Venturi, in the catalogue preface to Morandi's exhibition in this gallery in 1957, observed that the real "task of the bottles in Morandi's paintings is to assure him that tradition is safe." But if styles change, and they do, so do ways of looking at pictures. For myself, I would add that an additional task of Morandi's bottles now makes itself felt as never before: to restore nobility to subject matter, to enable the painter "to concentrate on the values of form" and yet assert the regained dignity of their factual existence. Considering the nature of Morandi's subject matter, I am not unaware of the irony that can be used against my argument, but I do not regard worthless bottles and discarded bowls as a contradiction of nobility, when in the context of current necessity they symbolize the potential re-humanization of art.

LIKE Morandi, Fairfield Porter secures his abstract qualities within a framework of tradition, a tradition favoring straight realism, yet one fully cognizant of the postwar developments in abstraction. Porter's new work at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery (November 1-26) was not without its visual contradictions. But in representing a dialogue between realism and abstraction, these contradictions were in fact conscious polarities, the reconciliation of which constitutes the temper of his style. Porter is, to my mind, one of the few artists in America creating a body of permanently significant work. In his recent efforts, Porter has resolved his ambivalence between the flat and the round more successfully than in any previous work I can remember.

He has realized three avenues of approach to his problem. In *Sunset and Lilies* we have a flattened version of a garden and a house with the trees resting in the surface plane and the light behind them coming through and forward as shapes. The shafts of light casting reflections on the ground join with the diagonal of the house on the right to suggest depth. In *Claire* we have a portrait and interior fully in the round. It deals, properly speak-



Morandi, *Still Life* (etching, 1915);
at World House Galleries.



Morandi, *Still Life* (water color, 1960);
at World House Galleries.



Fairfield Porter, *Sunset and Lilies*;
at Tibor de Nagy Gallery.



Fairfield Porter, *Claire*;
at Tibor de Nagy Gallery.

ing, with illusionistic space and the dimensionality of objects but carries through the principle of painterly simplicity. *In the Middle of the Summer* employs both the illusionistic and the flat in a balance which I thought at first begged the issue of consistency. Then I realized it was necessary to draw attention to what was important, to make the composition move and to prevent the picture from becoming top-heavy. The façade of a rambling white house is sharply etched by the late afternoon light which arranges its volumes in pure contrasts of light and dark, eschewing almost all half-tints. Contrasted to this projected relief, two lawn chairs in the foreground, obscured in the shadow beyond the illuminated swathe of lawn in the middle distance, are relieved of dimensional precision save what is implied through highlighting.

These and other similarly handsome paintings, notably *Irving Place*, a portrait (of his daughter), *Lizzy with Roses*, and *Children in the Fields*, renew their traditional format through a conscious sense of abstract design and perhaps the most personal color scheme of those artists of whom he is the undisputed leader. Porter's color is almost always a subdued and liberally whitened version of local tints—a trait he sometimes overworks, especially in his treatment of flesh, where its chalkiness coincides with surprisingly doughy articulation of volume and turning form. We may also list among his defects a tendency to force his compositions (the study of Bob Dash is Whistlerian in an Intimist sort of way) into views that are *a priori* abstract—candid and yet overly arranged. All these drawbacks may be ascribed to a lack of what can be called a metaphysic of objects whereby things are eternalized by "pure" forms (see Morandi) whose reality they demonstrate either before or consistent with their own. Porter's design stands sometimes outside of the temporal quality of his everyday world. In Porter's work life comes first, or at least it coexists with the purely pictorial sense.

That the portraits seem less successful than the landscapes takes nothing away from the fact that Porter is one of the few contemporary artists who can be studied with profit. This is not true of most abstract painters because you cannot learn much about painting from painting dedicated to a "personal image." Porter is not nearly so original in this sense. His style reveals an extensive list of "teachers"—Corot, Vuillard, Whistler, Degas, Eakins and Hopper—but its big power is Porter himself,

and it is from Porter that one learns and not his lineage. But this lineage, performing as an observable tradition, is to Porter what those bottles are to Morandi. Its task is to provide a sense of security while he effects its assimilation into the present with liberties granted him by his culture and his century.

SINCE realism remains an anomaly to the revolutionary ethic of abstract art, the paintings of Hyde Solomon obscure their reactionary tendencies through a superficial conformity to Abstract Expressionist technique. Solomon's paintings are neither realistic nor abstract (nor even semiabstract); I would say they are rather "semi-realistic." Aside from all the commercially *arriviste* clamor wrapped up in this artless phrase, it provides a clue perhaps to the special appeal that Solomon's paintings have exerted in avant-garde circles. As the tenor of orthodox Abstract Expressionism declines (I would say in proportion to the increase in the number of galleries dealing in modernist trivialities), Solomon's paintings seem to draw the line at which a retreat from a pure, noncommercial abstraction can stop—and still keep its self-respect. Though his new works, which can be seen at the Poindexter Gallery (November 21–December 10), continue to exhibit a cautiously watered-down abstractionist style, they still have their finger on the pulse of the New York School.

Solomon covers a canvas with a profusion of color planes made up for the most part of obliquely written strokes. The whole is designed to suggest extrapolations of the many surfaces and details of the landscape from which they seem derived. A landscape is always apparent in Solomon's paintings, but it is not *there* in the paint. Rather it is beneath the strokes. Nature is largely an armature upon which to drape an excited procession of color planes, unsteady in their ranks, that behave abstractly while the landscape remains essentially itself, even when buried in the flurry of strokes and planes. This is even more apparent in his recent works, which, if anything, are more realistic than ever before (in this particular vein), and they bring with them the recognition that Solomon, by depending on the animus of Abstract Expressionism while it was running its course, stood to experience its loss of momentum as it became the style of the *status quo*. At this point, when his basic strengths should rush to his support, they show only disheartening efforts either to save face or cover up. In late examples they thrash rather helplessly in the retreating tide. For one thing, color has become over-important. Harmonious tonalities are used to do the work of consciously unifying the whole—simply by closing the distance between values of the same basic hue. There are jets of unmixed greens, yellows and blues, but also a lot of pinks, lavenders and the like, and a graying- and whitening-out is evident without any conceptual support. There is also some distressing obviousness. In *Lake Horizon* not only do the strokes follow the lead of the landscape much too closely for the good of their own freedom, but the counter-movements of lake and sky are barely more than devices to keep the picture from standing still.

At their best, Solomon's paintings recall the very late and even unfinished Cézannes. A good example of this—and to my mind, the best painting in the show—is *Coast*, in which space is not merely a shrouded narrative illusion but a working pictorial factor through a proper ambiguity between subject and painting. *Saratoga Woods* is also handsomely and dramatically synthesized. But the crazy-quilt Cubism of newer paintings like *Elevation* and *Stream* seems like an impulsive effort to break out of a trance of impending, backsiding complacency. Solomon has made, in fact, the most of a modest talent by accepting the tutelage of a more powerful, more sophisticated style. He com-

pares in this respect to Childe Hassam, who used Impressionism to shake the hayseed from the hair of his provincial Realism. But Hassam's sense of structure and composition was his own. My guess is that Solomon has less of such intrinsic strengths; and these recent paintings show the strain on his basic resources.

IT HAS become almost a truism of revolution that gradually the new order comes to resemble the old. When in the thirties American abstract painters rose in a body against American Scene painting and Social Realism, they bristled with an implied sense of responsibility to aesthetic freedom. But today they are no less orthodox in their pursuit of hierarchy in style, despite a disclaimer by Mr. Hess in *Art News* last month. Ad Reinhardt has been perhaps the most vocal of advocates within the camp of abstraction over the past twenty-five years, the period which was covered in an absorbing retrospective exhibition that required the combined space of both the Betty Parsons Gallery and its auxiliary, Section 11 (October 17–November 5), and even today he is adamant and outspoken on the issue of whether abstraction is the only style perfectly attuned to the *Zeitgeist*. Be that as it may, it is safe to say that Reinhardt too is a Realist of a kind—a Realist turned inside out and with a final, religious or mystical twist—without demeaning his work, either past or present.

Reinhardt's development has been toward an articulation of a color feeling that amounts to a representation of light. And, if I may quote myself from a previous article, "Light acts like an object on the senses without imposing an appearance." Gradually, over the past ten years, Reinhardt has produced works whose concert of colors is so close in value that at first glance they appear all black. Only a barely perceptible geometric design symmetrically differentiates colors in schemes which have—it would seem—even increased in subtlety from the cool blues and burnished Chinese reds of the early fifties to the blacks

and purplish browns of the recent work.

In the earlier work, from 1937 to about 1950, we trace Reinhardt's development roughly by decades. In the thirties there were semiabstractions derived from Synthetic Cubism. In the forties there was a development to a kind of textural writing, a weave of calligraphically inspired cuneiforms made into glowing palimpsests or simply put down in black and white. They look a bit like complicated rugs. Around 1950 the close-knit surfaces unravel before an expansive brush that blocks out the surface in loose, broad planes and bands. The final decade sees a hardening into geometrical divisions which are tempered by the "darkness" deposited in them. One makes one's way about these last paintings as if one were in a dark room, waiting for the eyes to adjust to the darkness. As the simplified design slowly emerges, it sometimes seems to levitate in a field of energy. This field is the real structure of the works rather than the thick, lapping grid and rectangles whose symmetry supports only the impression that Reinhardt is involved with a kind of ritualistic iconography—the representation of "no-thing." The light (or matter or energy) is what everything is, but it is a void too, and one's sense perception can fix on nothing more concrete to satisfy its basic need for a good Gestalt and its civilized demand for interesting degrees of complexity. One is left thinking rather than seeing, and the only choice is to believe. People have been saying that art has become a religion; Michel Seuphor has written a long essay advocating it, and now—pronouncing appearances as utter vanity—Reinhardt Ecclesiastes! The slow conversion that characterizes his *oeuvre* leaves a part of the work in the area of historical intelligibility; the works of the last decade practice a kind of mimesis of emptiness that is, paradoxically, extremely self-assertive. Thus we are invited to witness the artist in an intensely private act but are barred behind the defensive and claustrophobic shield of darkness. We can watch, we can even admire, but we can't participate. Such is *our* vanity.



Hyde Solomon, *Elevation*;
at Poindexter Gallery.



Ad Reinhardt, *No. 19—1953*;
at Betty Parsons Gallery.

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Margaret Breuning:

Bluemner's countryside . . . the questioning art of Minna Citron . . . Russo's clear vigor . . . collages by Gigi Ford . . . Vertes' beguiling flair . . .

AN EXHIBITION of paintings by Oscar Bluemner is an unusual event today, for his work has not been shown or seriously considered for many years. He was not only a sound painter, but an artist who knew his way around in the confusion into which the Armory Show had plunged the art world. He did not adopt the fashionable technique of Impressionism, once so bitterly derided, then finally accepted by the academic pundits as the *mot juste* of art expression. He continued to paint his own version of representational art in his chosen palette of vivid reds and greens. Not surprisingly, his subjects were usually barns, for at that time barns were conventionally painted red, so that, standing out in country greens, they offered the complementary notes of his palette. At times deep perspectives appear in their three-dimensional arrangements; there is at times a faint, yet unmistakable suggestion of Cubistic influence in the adjustments of angles and solid forms. Moreover, the trees which often grow about these structures have a formalizing of their foliage in a far from traditional manner. Bluemner's sensitive appreciation of the natural world about him is reflected in the rather poetic titles of many of his paintings—*Approach of Night*, *Sunset*, *Noon Sun*—all marking his perception of the phases of sun and shadow in differentiated aspects of day and evening. (James Graham, Dec. 7-31.)

MANY of Minna Citron's paintings seem to reflect an atmosphere of the uncertainty and disillusion

attaching to certain phases of contemporary life. *Color of Darkness* is an almost murky canvas, its darkness achieved not by impasto, but smoothly brushed depth of color. A curious effect is gained by the interspersion at irregular intervals of little nodules of dark hue, which suggest an underpainting of still deeper darkness. It is, indeed, a reflection of an uncertain if not morbid state of mind. In *Lapis Web*, a blue reticulated linear pattern appears dimly beneath a spreading intricacy of dusky patterning—doubtless a cryptic symbol, but not a solution of the unsolvable. *Sphere of Chaos* lives up to its entitlement, showing the large circle of a translucent sphere cutting through a welter of colorful planes. A few of the canvases possess a poetic suggestion, as *The Moon Takes Up the Wondrous Tale*, or the successively painful mental images of a sleepless night in *La Nuit Blanche*. The exhibition is a clever record of introspective visions, ably presented. (Normal, Dec. 12-Jan. 7.)

PAINTINGS by Alexander Russo reveal imaginative conceptions translated into pictorial terms through skillful handling of colors and forms, although such forms only occasionally suggest a realistic basis and even then a mental image seems to overshadow objective appearance. The sound brushwork that renders each shape decisively in pure color accounts for the clarity of these paintings, but this quality also results from the abstraction of natural contours into simplified patterns that achieve a unity of impression, patterns in which background and detail both become appreciably functional. In *Lone Journey*, the rising, closely spaced verticals of blue and orange that fill the picture plane seem to exclude companionship for the lone wanderer. *Bird Shot in Flight* shows the creature's limp, wounded body against a glimmering sky, with a shower of blue and pink feathers whirling about it. *Coastal Formation* is a flash of light and color, its furiously red, glowing sky reflected in furiously red water, blotting out the tangible world, yet allowing an indication of a



Oscar Bluemner, *Red Farm at Pochuck*; at James Graham Gallery.



Minna Citron, *Collages, No. 6*;
at Norval Gallery.

cluster of houses engulfed in all this splendor. *Night Path* is revealed by streaks of light and color; *Sky City* rears a tower fairly into the clouds; *Dark Night* displays a chaotic sweeping of dark forms into a still darker void. (Rehn, Dec. 5-30.)

COLLAGE is an old art varying widely in time and place; the most familiar versions are modern canvases strewn with apparently discarded objects in a sort of rummage-sale effect. A departure in method and results appears in the exhibition by Gigi Ford of collages which possess actual enchantment. On small areas bits of colored paper are disposed in attractive patterning; occasionally swatches of fabric are included, even a varnished leaf, and remnants of bus tickets give fillip to designs, reminding one of the fashion for lettering in early French collage. A few, a very few, of these papers suggest a realistic motive—*Rocky Coast* seems to depict jagged, dark cliffs; *Morning Sun* glows redly through dispersing mists; *Secret Place* unmistakably implies a crypt, while in *Promenade*, a flow of small, colorful details may well represent the gestures and forms of people walking. Yet the intrinsic charm of this work is not dependent on any representative significance, but on the appreciable relevance of detail in the fragile designs, a nice adjustment of shapes and colors that is beguiling. (Grand Central Moderns, Dec. 17-Jan. 5.)

Our current exhibition of water colors and drawings by Vertès indicates that the artist has lost some of his prolific invention or decorative flair. Sound technical accomplishment allows him to invent beguiling trifles that are unusual and unexpected but never disconcerting, such as the painting of a *Girl's Feet among Plants*, which depicts a none-too-seductive pair of youthful legs and rather sprawling feet thrust into a luxuriance of plants and blossoms. Even *Nude Rider* flouts my literal suggestion, since the fluent figure is shown astride a mainly blue horse. Much of the appeal of this artist's decorations depends on the subtlety of the color relations, yet credit must also be given for the fluent patterns of contours. A small pen-and-ink drawing of mother and child reveals his ability to render substance and form with the slightest of linear efforts. A drawing of Colette, showing head and shoulders, crisply and vigorously defined, is by no means a flattering portrait, but one revealing vividly the intensity of her temperament and more than a hint of the idiosyncrasy of her nature. (F.A.R., Nov. 9-26.)

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David Park, *The Model*,
at Staempfli Gallery.

IN THE GALLERIES

Park, Bischoff, Diebenkorn: Two important West Coast painters, Elmer Bischoff and Richard Diebenkorn, join in a tribute to a third California artist, David Park, who died in September at the age of forty-nine. While their approaches are too divergent to constitute a school, all three participate in the effort to bring new vitality to the painting of figures in their environment. Of the three, David Park, who is credited with leading off the return to figure painting in California with a pivotal painting in 1951, stands out as the strongest and most mature, in that his works are fully realized; though he was unknown in the East until last year, his reputation will now surely soar.

Park's strength lies partly in the boldness of his compositions—his figures fill and dominate the canvas—partly in his command of figure painting which enables him to render stance and attitude directly and broadly with minimal means, and to some degree in the rawness and exuberance of his color. Outstanding are his large paintings of nudes from 1959. In *The Model* a powerfully drawn nude by a window fills half the canvas, turning momentarily toward the easel and painting which stretch from top to bottom of the canvas in the foreground, fixed and stationary in

contrast with the model's casual motion, with broad, dark vertical and diagonal strokes creating an interplay between the two distinct halves of the canvas, between the painted image and the actual figure. In *Les Baigneuses* one figure is seen fully, frontally, while the second looms directly in the foreground, back to the observer, with her head turned in a dramatically shadowed profile. Both paintings are immediate, that is, by placement; and by the manner in which the figures are interrupted by the canvas edge and through the lack of illusory depth, they seem but an extension of the space in which the viewer stands. The sense of participation is insistent.

For both Bischoff and Diebenkorn the figure is neither so complete nor self-sufficient. For Diebenkorn the figure is a de-emphasized element in a total scheme, as it is flattened into the layout of landscape or interior and further merged with it by the continuity of astringent color. The recent Bischoff paintings shown here are more gently pastoral; less harsh than his confreres, he places girls with flowers in expansive green settings with softly painted skies. (Staempfli, Nov. 8-26.)—M.S.

Marc Chagall: During the last five years Chagall has executed a very large number of color and

black-and-white lithographs. About fifty of these, done mostly during 1958 and 1959, are exhibited here with a few things in an earlier style: a half-dozen illustrations for the Bible, and two from La Fontaine's *Fables*, done thirty years ago. Both groups are unmistakably Chagall, but the differences are as striking as the similarities. The older prints are controlled; the new ones are free, and apparently Chagall needs some control. The restraining influences in the first group were specific ideas from the literal source for the illustrations, acting on the subject matter (we will consider all the Bible etchings as belonging to the period of thirty years ago when they were started, since they are in that style, although the series was completed in the fifties), and the still-strong influence of the artist's brush, with French formalism controlling the structure. To a certain extent these were both outside influences, and the artist never made them completely his own. They are still evident in the later work, but reduced as controlling factors by their removal in time. Fragments of the *Fables*, free of their source, angels loose from the Bible, have become superimposed and fuzzy. The way they swoop and dive around the page, and off the page, implies how deeply Cézanne has been buried. The colors on the prints are often pure, arbitrary flashes, playing among the lines of a drawing, and this kind of color has been added by hand to the Bible etchings. *Christ à l'Horloge* is an exceptional and fine color lithograph. The loss of control, at least strict control, has some compensation in the free quality which now comes so easily to Chagall, but sometimes one feels he does all his sketching on lithographic stones—and at the slightest hint of a picture, the printer runs off an edition of two hundred. (Contemporaries, Oct. 24-Nov. 12.)—L.S.

Picasso Linoleum Cuts: More willing to broach new media than new subject matter, Picasso with customary éclat recently augmented his graphic accomplishment with a series of pell-mell linoleum cuts. In order to avoid the tedious process, customary in making color prints, of cutting separate blocks for each color, he had the whole edition printed at each stage of the cutting, so that he worked always directly on the same block. The result is a group of vivid, animated prints, abounding in his old tricks with some new ones added. Bullfights, bacchanals and pairs of nudes are displayed before us in a glorious riot of abbreviated shapes and decoratively elaborated patterns, so endlessly various, so casually improvised that this becomes their chief interest—one doesn't linger over the single print, but hastens on to the next installment and the newest twist, until the whole process of viewing them becomes almost cinematic. There is one stopping point, however, and that is the simple, beautiful head of Jacqueline, done in exquisite line (a solid dark block printed first, then the drawing cut and printed in white), a moment when the artist refreshes his art by not reworking his own creations. Picasso's critics these days are legion, but to some it may suffice that in entertaining himself as he approaches his eightieth year, he also offers us entertainment of a high order. (Saidenberg, Nov. 22-Jan. 14.)—M.S.

George Grosz, Paul Klee, Emil Nolde: Considering the importance of these names in twentieth-century painting, the show is rather modest. It is made up of six or eight small water colors by each artist, but there are some real gems among them. Grosz's work is the most consistent, most of it done in the early thirties before he left Nazi Germany. The Grosz of these years was one of the most acid social commentators of the century, and only his fine formal painting sense keeps these pictures of violet hags and weasel Brownshirts from becoming vulgar cartoons. Titles such as *Butcher*, *Three Judges*, *The Pass-*

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ing Show and *Berliner Night* give a pretty good idea of the work. The selection of Klee's water colors is much less unified in style or quality. Although they are mostly from the last ten years before his death in 1940, they range from hard, immaculate geometry to obscure symbolism, and a couple seem to be monoprints taken from glass. One of his best is *Fall*, done in 1939. The easy black lines describe an abstract face and figure over a ground of red, green and yellow. German Expressionism is well exemplified in Nolde's work. He makes more use of the peculiar water-color qualities, and his strong, personal color sense—orange red, orange yellow, and violet blue—gives his work obvious unity. The *Clouds*, with its sweeping, dynamic composition and stark white paper, and both flower pieces, especially *Sunflowers*, are very fine paintings. (New Art Center, Dec. 1-30.)—L.S.

Georges Rouault: Since he died in 1958 at the age of eighty-seven, Rouault's later years, as defined by this exhibition, covered a span as long as the entire productive period of many artists. Twenty-five years are reviewed by twenty-four paintings, all of which were worked on over considerable periods of time—in some cases up to ten years—until they reached the thicknesses of bas-relief. This tendency appears to have increased as the artist grew older, for though the general outline of his familiar style did not change, the paintings themselves get heavier and heavier. Whether the aging artist chafed at the restrictions of a style in which heavy black outlines testify to a will that could imprison the artist in its own necessity or whether he sought a sensual equivalent for passions he could no longer state directly can only be guessed at. Even if the works are unfinished in some cases, the jacketing lines are unrelenting. One can only compare the remarkably vibrant nude, dated 1926-30, with a repertoire of clowns, judges and religious themes whose universality touches on particular life through the sumptuous encrustations of paint that glow like stained glass. These sometimes overwrought surfaces empower the forms and gestures of his general figurative types with the mortal warmth of their own exacerbated application. Rouault was preoccupied with moral justice in his biting portraits of judges, and transcendent values inform his circus themes whose Byzantine aspect incarnates them in a spiritual universe. As agents of a spiritual order these secular personages are interestingly linked to the past through one of the latest paintings shown—a lumpy head of *Theodora* (1953), where the color is greenish acerb. The Empress Theodora was a prostitute before her marriage to Justinian, who had her portrayed with him in religious garb in the mosaics of San Vitale in Ravenna. (Perls, Oct. 18-Nov. 26.)—S.T.

Leonardo Cremonini: One feels very much "the skull beneath the skin" of this Italian artist's phenomenal world, where a sense of dread stalks a nature in which animal life is no more reasonable than vegetable life. Both are predatory kingdoms, structurally similar, instinctually comparative and morally relative. Which is the greater menace in *Conversation*—the group of conspiratorial women or the chair shaped like a rib-cage in which the "leader" is seated? And why does a children's game seem like a life-and-death struggle between bony, naked forms? Similarly Cremonini's slaughterhouses are scenes of transcendental horror and plant life crawls with a supernatural intelligence through a vegetal world. Cremonini in fact reminds one of a Uccello with a macabre, splenetic turn of mind. The natural animation of his *dramatis personae* is frozen in taut, bloated and stylized forms whose pulse passes over into luminous, subaqueous and bloodshot color. The paintings are chillingly beautiful. The obsession with organic

structures also comes out in the drawings, whose naturalism is least stylized in studies of cactus-like plants. (Viviano, Oct. 18-Nov. 12.)—S.T.

René Bouché: As a successful fashion illustrator who once was a member of the Artists' Club, Bouché is a sort of Minister without Portfolio, traveling freely between the glittering province above Times Square and the dour ward that plunges into the Lower East Side where the Club occupies the cultural county seat. Both sectors figure prominently in this semi-public-relations venture which is called "Only in New York" and which purports to be a composite portrait of our town. It is an extensive, stimulating, explosive (socially) exhibition, and possibly embarrassing to some of the sitters involved. On the basis of her portrait alone, globe-trotting Elsa Maxwell's "passport" could be revoked on the grounds that she is an undesirable alien. Portraits dominate a group that covers the day and night life of the city. Likenesses of artists, social lions, leading fashion horses and other assorted personalities are done up in Bouché's fluid style, and it would seem that the more individual the personality, the less the affected languor of his style is evident. Calder, Lipchitz, Steinberg cannot be demeaned either by the fashion illustrator's ineluctable drift to caricature or by what Bouché calls his "loving criticism"—which is putting it mildly sometimes. Because he is fascinated by sham, Bouché's insights into character have survived constant contact with a celebrity-ridden world. But his style has suffered. Back in 1943 he drew clowns with haunting clarity. Now his Central Park landscapes and tourist sites languish in commercialism. (Museum of the City of New York, Nov. 2-Feb. 5.)—S.T.

Anne Arnold: These blocks of wood have been attacked by a sculptor with a rare sense of the monumental. Miss Arnold has cut and planed and glued her forms fearlessly, and has presented an impressive group of animal sculptures that should assure her reputation. She has a genuine feeling for simple three-dimensional form and is beautifully sparing with her detail. One liked her seated hound—a lumbering creature with carefully carved claws—but perhaps her best work is the head of a horse. This is a formal triumph in the way the sharply planed head is set on the strong, curving neck, the whole set off by the pricked ears. She has a remarkable ability to state the character of each animal: the absurd, heavy body and rounded rear of a pig standing tiptoe on light legs; her albatross with precisely the right amount of bosominess offset by an abrupt rump—and who is not acquainted with her dog that is on the verge of obesity? It is not necessary to discuss the validity of humor in art, since those who will disapprove of it in her work are the same who have enjoyed it in the work of the established names. Nevertheless, in a humorist world Miss Arnold would not have such a bright prospect if she had confined herself to animals. Fortunately, her colossal stretching woman shows that she can handle the human form also, with knowledge and with boldness. (Tanager, Nov. 4-24.)—V.R.

Joseph Fiore: This show falls into two parts: the work of the last year and that of the two previous years—which means that Fiore is saved by one year from very short shrift. The earlier paintings are in one of the most frequent styles and one least understandably so. Patches of strokes set up directions of movement in a vaguely landscape format; the color is dry, tonal, naturalistic, and indefinite. The later paintings are frankly landscapes, but their color is more "abstract" in that it is limited to a few distinct colors, even when it is broken somewhat in the old way, as in *Poland Spring*, where blue-gray strokes vibrate among variants of yellow. Several means of achieving frontality—such as the horizontal bands of shore,



Georges Rouault, *Cirque Forain*; at Perls Gallery.



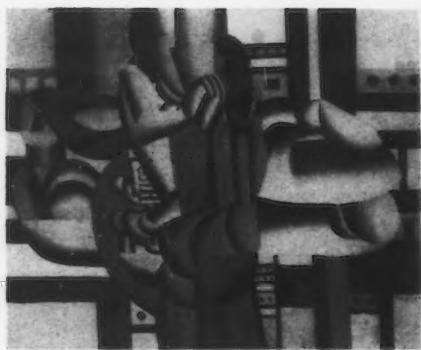
Leonardo Cremonini, *Conversation*; at Catherine Viviano Gallery



René Bouché, *The Clowns*; at Museum of City of New York.



Anne Arnold, *Horse's Head*; at Tanager Gallery.



Fernand Léger, *Les Trois Femmes et La Nature Morte*; at Janis Gallery.



Reginald Pollack, *The Artist's Father, III*; at Peridot Gallery.



Sidney Geist, *Grull*; at Tanager Gallery.



Shirley Reznikoff, *A Child's Grave*; at Madison Gallery.

lake, forest and sky of *Umbagog* (a substantial and lucid work), and the two sharply contrasting patterns of snow and brush in *North Wind*, and also a general largeness of the internal proportions and somewhat of the canvas's—have been adapted from abstract painting. (Staempfli, Oct. 18-Nov. 5.)—D.J.

Fernand Léger: The chronological panoply of Léger's work is rigorous instruction for the somewhat excessive present confusion. *Les Trois Femmes et la Nature Morte*, of 1920, has much of the boldness and color, especially orange and red together, of the later paintings; yet, equally essential, a complex silvery tone is constructed from a variety of grays and versions of the simple colors, and a quartered composition from innumerable repetitions. The modulations and elegance are gradually discarded. The *Chinese Juggler* was done in 1945, while Léger was in New York—the source for his *Les Constructeurs* series, of which several are shown. The paint is applied without finesse and the color is straight. The result is awesome. The juggler tosses four white rings before him. Beside him is a viridian awning and an ultramarine ladder, and behind everything is a series of white, black and yellow vertical bands. A taut black line enforces almost every part. The distorted, curved figure appearing within and without the rings is a paramount form of the mind's unimmediate and persistent processes. Léger's several irreducible and disparate elements are a difficult collection to like. They have a reason in objectivity and undifferentiated existence, a hard fact whose presence makes these great paintings. (Janis, Dec. 5-Jan. 7.)—D.J.

Reginald Pollack: In his last exhibition the artist showed graffiti paintings and studio interiors in which walls filled with paintings played an important role. In his new work he appears to have started with the studio wall covered with paintings and sketches and then suddenly decided to turn one of the sketches into a person sitting in front of the wall—and then to have juxtaposed a thoroughly realistic portrait of himself. Thus he moves in a single canvas from a freely stroked, broken-color background, with its inserts of Impressionistic paintings and life drawings, to realistic painting of a most conventional sort. The effect is of a pastiche in which the painter caricatures all the styles in which he has worked and of which he is undisputed master. From this point he moves a little more firmly into the field of realistic portraiture in a series of impressive life portraits, but at no point does he commit himself to it fully, retaining the privilege of painting a conventional head, treating body and garments as flat, bold silhouettes, and making a freely Impressionistic background, alive with darting strokes of richly varied color. The felicity of this painting one cannot help but admire, and one sympathizes with the obvious search that is taking place, but one keeps wishing for a commitment at some point which will channel all this proficiency into the coherent expression of which it is worthy. (Peridot, Nov. 21-Dec. 17.)—M.S.

Sidney Geist: Two handfuls of clay ripped partially apart form one of the most automatic of this series of small terra cottas. Others range to carefully modeled and articulated sculptures: *Grull* has been clasped in the center with the ends left ragged and the resulting convolutions sparingly developed; two oval slabs have been pressed together over three or four protruding dowels of clay in *Hushpuppy*; in *Drill* three mushroom-shaped circles have been carefully modeled around a seeming phallus from a Greek amphora. Automatism in sculpture has been infrequently tried and never really established, so that there is some novelty to an interest in it. The granular texture and dry red of the clay make it an appropriate medium. Geist knows a good

deal, as the many distinct forms show, but there is nothing particularly Geistian running through the collection; he deftly and intelligently mines existing lodes. (Tanager, Nov. 25-Dec. 15.)—D.J.

Shirley Reznikoff: Though Mrs. Reznikoff, a thirty-year-old artist from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and the wife of a rabbi, is showing as part of a two-man exhibition, her work should be singled out for its visual and emotional power. Her paintings cover a cycle of love, birth, death—and love, perhaps, again. Learning of it, one cannot ignore the fact that one of Mrs. Reznikoff's two children died at the age of three in 1957. From her grief she has drawn images of overpowering poignancy. This quality is at first only sensed in the juxtaposition of large, usually flat forms. She has an instinct for shallow-spaced design. Her figures are frequently the crudest approximations. At their best, they resemble the infantile wraiths of Dubuffet, but are versions whose maturity has been hastened by tragedy. Color is equally direct, oppressively gray in the sad works, much lighter and whiter in the paintings on love. Some monochrome surfaces are veils discreetly drawn across love's most intimate moments, a subject which—like the paintings of her son's grave, a shadowy figure of grief, a child heaped like a doll under the impact of a wave—is marked by the simplicity of necessity. Some of her symbolism is trite, and when she approaches realism her lack of experience is evident. But her "image of man," tied to something concrete, makes up for much of the unevenness of her as yet untried talent. (Madison, Dec. 3-16.)—S.T.

Goya and Manet Prints: The Public Library's winter show consists of lithographs and etchings by these two artists, who are compared quite often, usually at the unfortunate expense of Manet. Of course it is the case here too if a contrast is desired. Goya is represented primarily by etchings from the series of *Caprichos*, with four from *The Disasters of War* series and a few individual prints. Every subject is reduced in content and form to its very essence. An interesting test of this point is made by looking at the small plates from distance. The black and white organization and the primary subject are remarkably clear long after all the details become unreadable. Because of their small size, however, the real enjoyment is in reading these etchings close up. The exhibit includes photographic enlargements of some of the *Caprichos*, presumably to help the close reading, but in their coarseness and distortion of scale they are as distracting as they are helpful, and really tell hardly anything about the details of the original. Of Goya's lithographs, *Espresivo Doble Fuerza* demonstrates just how finely the medium can be worked, especially when contrasted with something like the lower right side of Manet's *Race*. The French artist's comparative crudeness is emphasized in the lithographs, and technical problems have added to the difficulties. The transfer lithographs were drawn first on paper and reversed onto the stone to be printed. It is a tricky process, and in the *Café* and one of the illustrations for Poe's *Raven*, Manet's intention has lost a lot through faulty printing. The etchings seem more suitable to his way of working. *The Philosopher* and the *Street Singer* are fair statements of Manet's ability as a graphic artist, and have strength and character of their own, even if they don't stand with Goya. (New York Main Library, Oct. 19-Mar. 15.)—L.S.

Adolph Gottlieb: This is an unsatisfactory show for the most part. The dualistic symbolism has always been too simple and archaic. It is essayed with waning conviction here, mechanically where it occurs in its prior state, hesitantly where it occurs in a new idea involving more positive backgrounds. The color of both is obvious and flaccid.

Substantially and spatially the newer paintings are more interesting, but as yet those aspects are dependent on too much hazy brushwork. *Green Expanding*, of this kind, surrounds the upper oval, a light blue backed by a light green earth, and the lower indeterminate patch, a quiescent green obtained by glazing white, with a dominant surface of loose green strokes over another green. This establishes four definite color and space relationships of some ingenuity (for example, the blue disk, although inset by its local background, competes in frontality with the major green). Yet the total range is only a clear and pleasant green with a destructive degree of tonality. *After Image* is an anomaly in the show: a small, high olive circle, variably flat and glossy, is enclosed by an extensive light rust color. It is a curious painting and somewhat better in all respects. (Janis, Nov. 7-Dec. 3)—D.J.

Elie Nadelman: There have been periodic showings of Nadelman's work since his death in 1946, including a retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, but the large classical marble pieces shown here have seldom been seen. Such pieces as the two *Classic Heads* and the large *Female Torso*, all of 1911, lack the usual Nadelman treatment, although the heads show a certain tendency toward that elegant stylization which was his predilection and which was already well established in his sleek wood sculpture of the same year. Among the marbles is a *Head of Baudelaire* (1936) which demonstrates how eloquent Nadelman's simplifications could be, an exceptional *Girl with Thorns* and two small *Seated Figures* which seem perfect in their unfinished state. The svelt wood sculptures show the artist's more flippant side in such pieces as *Hostess and Show Girl*, while the *Standing Nude* (c. 1909) allows us to see a distinct Nadelman emerging out of a figure that is still partially Maillol. (Oct. 18-Nov. 19)—M.S.

Lawrence Lebduska: In spite of many faults, Lebduska's new primitive paintings are more compelling and easily more interesting than the great majority of contemporary work. The subjects include scenes (from European mountains), exotic animals (from the Bronx Zoo), and women (from the beaches of Florida). The most noticeable weakness seems to be an unresolved struggle between two of the main aspects of primitivism: rigid formal organization and the use of symbols. In *Deborah*, *David and Lady*, the animal shapes in the clouds are overshadowed by such things as the strong red door on the right, or in *Tornado*, the purple horses have a deeply felt rhythm of their own, but it is not incorporated into the whole composition. The consistent implication of perspective and the intense blue backgrounds often result in compositional "holes," especially noticeable in *David's Toys*, which is still one of the major pieces, and a direct symbolic statement. In the paintings with less emphasis on meaningful symbol, such as *Pride* (preening pelicans), or the little *Mimosa*, the picture plane is retained better and organized very well. Even when the spatial composition falters there is plenty to see, and in either case the strange subjects have a peculiar intensity. (Krasner, Dec. 5-30)—L.S.

Richard Hunt: A young Chicago sculptor who had an outstanding first show here several years ago, Richard Hunt continues to live up to the expectations generated by his earlier work. Perhaps only a sculptor of the newest generation can be so completely at ease in the medium of welded steel, bringing to it no mannerisms from the plaster cast, no nostalgia for older movements and media, fully cognizant of its potential and of a self-sufficient aesthetic. It is this natural, unforced approach to the medium—the unobtrusive incorporation of ready-made parts as an accepted adjunct of the medium, the unaffected departures

from traditions of balance and poise—which conveys an impression of confident mastery rather than any individual work. Yet the sculptures are eloquent in their mingling of organic and machine worlds; they are clean and forceful and daringly conceived. The major piece, a near-life-size *Figure*, resolves humanism and the modern world in a wholly non-synthetic way. These are resolved works, both conceptually and plastically. (Alan, Oct. 24-Nov. 12)—M.S.

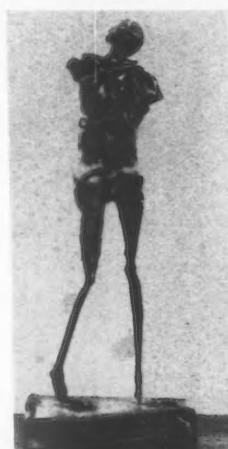
Emil Ganso: Jules Pascin was important to his friend Ganso for two reasons: first, he influenced him briefly but strongly; secondly, he thus provided Ganso with the challenge of freeing himself and finding his own style—which he did. Ganso was born in Germany and came to America as a baker's apprentice in the early years of this century. A regular stipend from dealer and bookseller Erhard Weyhe freed him to paint in 1925, and Pascin joined him in 1927. Ganso inherited the spirit of Ash Can realism by default, as it were, but dignified it with a classical feeling for form that can probably be attributed to his European background. At the same time his sense of the past kept the wolf of Social Realism from his doors. His paintings of nude women dip into a great tradition without any signs of strain. The earliest painting here—a *Nude on Couch* of 1929—is wholly in Pascin's manner. But if Ganso kept anything from Pascin, it was, for a time, his feeling for the erotic, which Ganso's concern with form ultimately effaced. His figures are firmly modeled, sometimes to a point where the painterly life and even drawing suffered. Ganso was filled with an admiration for Art but refused to beautify life, and his habit of naming his pictures after his models testifies to his interest in actuality. His works are at once portraits and "nudes." Because he was a realist, he seems never to have felt displaced in America; his assured drawings prove it. He died unexpectedly of a heart attack in 1941, at the age of forty-six. (Washington Irving, Oct. 29-Nov. 19)—S.T.

Sir Jacob Epstein: The erection in 1908 of eighteen statues carved by Sir Jacob, who was born on New York's Lower East Side in 1880, for the British Medical Association building resulted in a public uproar. After that a similar reaction was to greet virtually every one of his public works, right up to his death last year. Yet, studying these animated bronzes, mostly portrait busts that have a savage vitality, one finds it difficult to imagine Sir Jacob as a controversial figure in modern British art, where despite his run-in with The Establishment he was doubtlessly considered a reactionary. The experiments he was wont to indulge on ambitious commissions vanish in these lusty examples which suggest that Sir Jacob was most at home in portraiture. True to life because they are true to character as a representative aspect of humanity, they are also supreme forms of their art in the bold but incisive modeling. Light glints from the many rough surfaces which "colors" them as with a loaded brush. Sir Jacob matched his own plastic exuberance to that of the sitter, craggy in the portrait of Churchill, roundly soft in the head of a child. All seem larger than life. (New Art Center, Nov. 1-19)—S.T.

Jacques Villon: Villon's early work in prints, done just at the beginning of the century, was close in style to Lautrec and Vuillard. For the most part, this show is made up of these exquisite, superficial color aquatints of Parisian society. It is very interesting technically in that many different states and color combinations from the same plate are shown—in the European tradition of releasing a large number of artist's proofs. The tentative, sketchy quality of these proofs seems to be what is desired. In the final



Lebduska, *David's Toys*; at Krasner Gallery.



Richard Hunt, *Figure*; at Alan Gallery.



Emil Ganso, *Nude on Couch*; at Washington Irving Gallery.



Sir Jacob Epstein, *Kitty*; at New Art Center.



Andrea del Castagno, *Madonna and Child*; at Duveen Gallery.



Jerome Burns, *Untitled*; at Hicks Street Gallery.



Kurt Seligmann, *Condottiere*; at Ruth White Gallery.



George Segal, *Untitled*; at Green Gallery.

edition the "unfinished plate" appearance is a little affected, but fits with the studiedly casual treatment of the French interiors. The color is always refined, but in two places it rises to real intensity. In one proof of *Comédie de Société*, contrasting colors drown out the tea party, and in *Les Cartes* the bright red and yellow are met by an equally simple and direct subject, resulting in one of the finest prints in the show. The feeling from the show altogether is a lot like that from an exhibit of quaint nineteenth-century silhouettes, and it is surprising to realize how close in time the work was to Cubism and to Villon's going into nonobjective painting. (Deitsch, Nov. 1-26.)—L.S.

Andrea del Castagno: The Poggibonsi Altarpiece from the Sangiorgi Collection in Rome, without its scattered predella, is being shown at Duveen's. This is the triptych to which the small but powerful *Resurrection* at the Frick belongs. The other panels are in the National Galleries of Scotland and the United States and the Berenson collection. The work was commissioned for the Brigittine Convent del Paradiso around 1444—early in Castagno's career. St. Brigida, however, is not as interesting as the Madonna and Child, with two angels, or as St. Michael. All are tempera on wood. The space of the central panel is warped somewhat through disregarding strict perspective while sketching in the figures; they sweep up and aslant from the blithely awry ellipse of the Madonna's podium. St. Michael is highly mobile. The whole panel is based on his *contrapposto* stance. He is clothed in Romanesque armor of two colors. The jointed parts, belts and regulated skirt are an intense light green. The close-fitting tunic or mail is light blue. The two colors intermingle in sensation and through the emphatic modeling which crosses their boundaries. The long concave curve is strongly backed by an austere red. It is an exceptional painting. (Duveen, Dec. 1-31.)—D.J.

Jerome Burns: Working in casein and oils, Burns—a teacher at the Brooklyn Museum Art School—has produced a number of New Hampshire landscapes. To be able to make an incision in this part of the country—blanketed as it is by smothering forest—is quite afeat in itself, and it has been accomplished here with taste and skill. Not only have groups of trees been seen with a selective eye, but they have been firmly set down in clear, harmonious colors. One of the attractive qualities of these small pictures is Burns' ability to use a knife—his paint is put on in broad wedges. The self-portrait and a study of a woman were somewhat below the quality of the other paintings, mainly because he had approached the subjects in too careful a manner, losing his ebullience on the way. (Hicks St. Gallery, Nov. 4-23.)—V.R.

Walter Stein: In an effort to stimulate interest in this country in the fine book illustrated with original graphic work, the Department of Printing and Graphic Arts at Harvard commissioned painter Walter Stein to illustrate passages from Jules Renard's *Natural History*. Undaunted by the fact that Toulouse-Lautrec and Bonnard had preceded him in this undertaking, the artist set about producing the drawings and lithographs of animals and insects which now appear in a handsome book, the originals of which comprise the present exhibition. One can only agree with the initiators of the plan that it is a genuine pleasure, after a deluge of common book illustration, to leaf through the restrained, delicate drawings and lithographs which are so admirably in keeping with Renard's text, simply because both are based on freshness of perception, rather than on stereotypes. One sees a mouse entirely anew when one looks at the dainty, crabbed feet; one never really appreciated the downright homeliness of

the goat or the remoteness of the elephant until confronted with these drawings which characterize without caricature. There is no uniformity to the treatment—a soft gray shadow is a pigeon, a few simple lines, a cow, a flurry of feathery lines, a flamingo—and the manner of rendering seems to have been specially devised for each animal. The book eloquently makes its case for further publications of this kind. (Durlacher, Nov. 29-Dec. 24.)—M.S.

Kurt Seligmann: One of the most eloquent and incisive of twentieth-century graphic artists, Kurt Seligmann is represented here by a large selection of his graphic work from 1929 to 1960. He participates in a graphic tradition five hundred years old, and his imagery abounds in antique references; yet his formal liberties, his nightmarish visions, his very eclecticism are purely of the twentieth century. Out of the Renaissance and German graphic tradition by Surrealism, nurtured by Seligmann's own vivid imaginings and his preoccupation with exactitude and grace in line, emerges this offspring of a compelling graphic art which is at once explicit and visionary. The armored, visored figure—part skeleton, part flesh, part hollow mail—is a recurrent motif, appearing in any number of variations and with a paraphernalia including scrolls, pipes, harps, umbrellas, fluttering garments and ribands. Literal illustrations of Surrealist texts appear in books of original etchings from the 1930's, and from 1944 comes one of the finest series of etchings, illustrations for an adaptation of *Oedipus* by Meyer Schapiro. Another facet of the artist's work is represented in the lithographs of the past decade, among them *Entretien Héraldique* with its transparent phantom figures, the gnarled *Fallen Angel* and the horrendous red *King* of 1958. The *Capriccios* of 1959 and the recently completed *Condottiere* testify to unflagging power of invention and an ever-greater freedom and command. (White, Nov. 15-Dec. 31.)—M.S.

George Segal: "Method acting" has come to painting in the works of George Segal. They purport to entertain no illusions in the handling of life, and form follows an improvisational realism. And since life is thus indistinguishable from art—at least until the painting is sold—it also follows that a certain sloppiness is permissible, and incompleteness too. Segal employs an interchangeable set of nudes on life-size surfaces—seventy inches by eight feet. Some nudes are blue, some gray, some a milky lavender, and they sprawl, sit or stand around, singly or in groups, in abstracted interiors patterned with architectural masses. The implied depth of their naturalistic gestures and the flatness of the décor present no conflict; the ambiguity points up the slovenliness which imparts an undeniable sense of reality to faceless ladies laid out in diluted washes and pinned together with an occasional flurry of lines whose patience runs out at the blurred extremities. We believe in Segal's feeling for corporeality (one composition derives from Courbet's *Sleep*) but would like some distance from the stage. Two pieces of sculpture were not available for review. (Green, Nov. 15-Dec. 10.)—S.T.

Jan Cox: To learn that these paintings form a cycle on the myth of Orpheus does not increase their significance. Apparently this popular theme has interested Cox—a young Belgian painter—for some years. His world is the dream, and his forms are strange, unidentifiable dream symbols that, unfortunately, do not come within one's own range of association and experience. Suspended in the middle of *Complaint of Orpheus* are three smooth, calculated forms the color and nearly the shape of eggplants; over them hovers an ectoplasmic wisp of yellow—almost a butterfly—and below is an undulating, brownish, mottled shape suggesting an inhabited feather cloak. It was hard to

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react positively to this work, or to any of the others—in fact one felt strapped down most of the time, aware only of a vague sexuality. There were, however, rare passages touched by a kind of lyricism, as in the high-keyed *Pastora'e*, which was quite a gay assemblage of blue, green, and yellow feathery shapes on a pink ground, out of which a satyr face peered briefly. Presumably the pictures are meant to disturb, and they do, but without eloquence, because Cox lacks a feeling for color—that is, his color is neither exciting in itself, nor does it contribute any particular emotion or power. The reclining figure of Eurydice, for example, in the picture of that name, is an unforgivable yellow shape against a dark blue sky, across which ranges a series of purple tongue forms. (Viviano, Nov. 15-Dec. 10.)—V.R.

Michael Goldberg: A number of notable young painters given acclaim in recent years have begun to manufacture their work, merely repeating it with slight variation and with attendant progressive disinterest. Goldberg is patently one of these. The space, structure and color of the large paintings are inert and ordinary and belie the Abstract Expressionism from which they are derived and which continues to give them superficial authority. All of the works involve one or two wide white bands scraped with a trowel onto a granular and glossy black. *Veterans of Foreign Wars* is typical. It has a slash of white two-thirds of the way up the canvas which is intersected from above, near the right end, by a tilted vertical. The juncture is banal and the angle thin and flat. Below the white horizontal is a spattered burnt-sienna one—the texture is somewhat interesting. The underlying scheme is a passive sequence into space from bottom to top, as in a landscape: the blue-black background is foreground at the bottom, next is the sienna, the ground occurs again, succeeded by the upright white, behind which the black becomes illusory space, and finally two incurving white conic shapes halt the recession. It is all pretty tame. (Jackson, Nov. 22-Dec. 17.)—D.J.

Alicia Penalba: One finds such oscillating images as are employed by this South American sculptress (making her American debut via Paris) described far too frequently as metaphors—to cover the confusion between the abstract and the real. Penalba's sculptures, all very zealously wrought, become a "sea faun," a "cathedral," a "vegetal liturgy" and a "magician." But, in fact, the visual substance is largely the same in every instance: eroded forms are shaped into mounting terraces, totemic columns, interlocking and hollowed slabs resembling the sculpture of Mirko. If the metaphorical tendency is strikingly familiar it is not only because it is an academic ploy, but because there is less variety in our imagination than in nature. We recognize in these monumental bronzes the repetitiousness of any human flight of fancy in which variation is the only substitute for variety. Besides, the suspense of cantilevering, *contrapposto* arrangements is not the same thing as tension of design. Penalba's reputation in Europe is apparently secure, but her sculpture seems, in our climate, more overworked than conceptual. (Gerson, Oct. 11-Nov. 4.)—S.T.

Decade Retrospect: The Saidenberg Gallery, which spearheaded the uptown movement of the galleries, celebrates a decade in its present location with a loan exhibition of a few of the stellar works which have at one time or another graced its premises. No single group can be said to have monopolized the gallery, for in addition to European masters such as Léger, Picasso and Paul Klee, the roster has also included contemporary British sculptors and painters and some younger American artists. Among the works most likely to be coveted in this collection are two small gouaches by Juan Gris, *Le Livre* and

Le Compotier, both of 1916 and both exemplifying that precise orchestration of tone, shape and texture which is Gris at his best, and the trio of Klee masterpieces, each a superlative example of its type. Fortunate also are the possessors of Giacometti's oil sketch, *Tête sur Fond Blanc* (1948), with its probing of incredible depths, of the 1923 Picasso sand painting, *Pomme et Verre*, which matter-of-factly prefigures so much that is to come, and of the fine Laurens bronze, *La Pêche Miraculeuse*. (Saidenberg, Nov. 1-19.)—M.S.

Howard Baer: Action painting frequently releases as much rhetoric as feeling. A teacher at the Parsons School of Design, Baer possesses obvious painterly authority; it is deprived, however, of an ideational point of contact beyond expressing a pattern of forces seemingly inspired, sometimes, by "nature." Yet his colors are surprisingly chalky in the context of a sweeping attack which would seem to presuppose more pungent, more pointed color schemes. He favors largely vertical and horizontal sweeps of the brush, sometimes several inches wide, but holds to no rule of movement. Some strokes drag, some crisscross, and on the whole they are dominated by motor rhythms which produce signs close to plane geometry in those canvases where the movements converge on a dominant area of interest. These seem less free than those works with an over-all development, but Baer's "big" style seems too settled in its convention; the note of tension is absent. (Trabia, Dec. 1-23.)—S.T.

Old Master Drawings: A potpourri of sketches and wash drawings from famous hands has been brought together from various countries and centuries, covering the span from Tintoretto to Tchelitchev. Some are of interest chiefly to the specialist, while others, such as a magnificent Domenico Tintoretto oil on paper, painted in white on a brown ground, and the Géricault madhouse scene with its piteous shackled figures, are certainly of general interest. One of the show's definite assets is variety, as well as the opportunity to meet with, if only fleetingly, artists whom we seldom encounter, such as Gwen John and George Chinnery, and the pleasure of viewing some of the more informal moments of such painters as Gainsborough, Romney and Burne-Jones, none of whom could be called actually casual. A spacious pencil drawing of *Mont Blanc* by Bonington, a lavishly detailed *Desprez Banquet Scene* in ink and water color, and a fine seventeenth-century Italian Annunciation afford further high points in this connoisseur's selection. (Durlacher, Nov. 29-Dec. 24.)—M.S.

Paul Nuchims: Roughly two phases of work are represented: the earlier group comprises low-keyed canvases in delicate washes of greens, blues and purples, sometimes with a figure faintly delineated in black or white; the later style consists of black shapes, evoking foliage or a figure, that are placed on a white and gray ground. Of the first group, in which the painter shows some ability in the handling of thin glazes, *Corrida* is the best. In it, the shape of the bull is outlined now in black, now in grayish white, against rich tones of blue and red, the contours merging into a dappling of brush strokes that themselves contribute to an arresting image. These are imaginative and eerie paintings; one liked the recent work less because a slight Oriental tone had replaced a quite individual, poetic quality. Somewhere between the two is a little picture called *The J Bird*—a mysterious birdlike shape emerging from a sea mist—which one also liked. One feels that Nuchims is mistaken in exhibiting in what is primarily a club devoted to international cultural activities. While the activities are legion, diverse and most laudable, this painter deserves a better fate than to be viewed through the fumes of experimental cooking. (International Festival Club, Oct. 28-Dec. 12.)—V.R.



Michael Goldberg, *Veterans of Foreign Wars*; at Martha Jackson Gallery.



Alicia Penalba, *Enfance Apocalyptique*; at Otto Gerson Gallery.



Howard Baer, *Open Spaces*; at Trabia Gallery.



George Romney, *Seated Woman and Child*; at Durlacher Gallery.



Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, *Female Figure*; at Seiferheld Gallery.



Mario Carletti, *Church of San Moise*; at Schab Gallery.



Lee Bontecou, *Untitled*; at Castelli Gallery.



Betty Parsons, *Indian Dance*; at Latow Gallery.

Tiepolo Drawings—Father and Son: Between them Giovanni Battista Tiepolo (1692-1770) and his son, Giovanni Domenico (1727-1804), brought the Venetian Renaissance to a brilliant climax and laid its vestigial-to-be grandeur at the foot of the nineteenth century. The father is the greater personality—the master of Italian Rococo. His drawings display his incredible agility with line and mass which, in the form of masterly decorative frescoes and oils, stretched space on into the infinite, past *trompe-l'oeil* ceilings. Moderns find fascinating abstract patterns in his sketches. As his father had borrowed from the Baroque of Veronese, so the son borrowed from his father. The son's more realistic style is best represented here in genre studies which suggest a mode of graciousness we have outlived. Domenico's sketch of a drunken Pulchinello and his *Salome* are steeped in this convention, of which Longhi was a contemporary. Especially *Salome*, who is set in an eighteenth-century drawing room, wearing period costume, and portrayed as a lady who would do nothing more undecorously than peel a grape. It is brilliantly composed. (Seiferheld, Oct. 22-Nov. 30.)—S.T.

Mario Carletti: The portrait of an artist pursued and pursuing is stamped in these paintings and drawings by an Italian Expressionist who, in abandoning an experiment with abstract art, is strenuously trying to avoid retracing his old steps. His brushes with the sophisticated milieu of Paris show up in touches of Giacometti, Buffet and Van Gogh and the shattered Cubism against which his hot color strains. His feeling for Baroque rhythms discharges circular movements and chaotic landscape patterns which frequently leave his subject in shreds. The drawings are more substantial, their lugubrious light being enough color for some dense landscapes to exist on. (Schab, Oct. 11-Nov. 12.)—S.T.

Lee Bontecou: A dark void is the denouement of the many advancing and narrowing circles of canvas and metal ribs, splayed upon a rectangular iron frame, in each of these potent, explicit and unusual constructions. Bontecou displays an altogether novel authority and breadth of expression and of the means necessary to it. Qualities and elements which hitherto have been partial, such as her oppressive, disturbing primitivism and desolation, are now stated bluntly, completely, and with great conviction. The previously abridged frontality has become exclusive. Bontecou's constructions stand out from the wall like contoured volcanoes. Their craters are voids but exceedingly aggressive ones, thrust starkly at the onlooker; these are threateningly concrete holes to be among. The five or six works in the show are all equally impressive. (Castelli, Nov. 9-26.)—D.J.

Betty Parsons: These paintings are animated beyond conventional abstract primalisms by an ingenuous imagination. Miss Parsons attributes mystery to shape partly because it happens mysteriously. She seems so pleased that she makes little effort to develop her paintings pictorially for fear of destroying their freshness. So they remain rather limp and oversimplified, indulging in their broadly massed way dark designs that frequently have a kind of American Indian flavor in some added geometric motifs and some bold, undiluted yellows. Her gouaches are similarly ingenuous. Little oddly shaped fragments—rosettes, thin, boxy planes and other assorted swatches—are scattered about darkly luminous surfaces. The smaller scale tightens the concept without affecting the atmosphere. *Blue Room* is especially and intriguingly enigmatic. (Latow, Nov. 15-Dec. 18.)—S.T.

Boris Lurie: With an exhibition entitled "Adieu, Amérique," Lurie, who was born in Russia thirty-six years ago, is presumably taking leave of

America, without so much as the courtesy of saying good-by in our own language. Two of his latest works are scribbled over with his parting shot, for Lurie puts some paintings together like collages in scrambled orgies of shape, electric color and phrases thick with the archival dust of an avant-garde reading room: "Salutations, kind sir. I bring you news—my wife is dead." When he is not obsessed with this sort of antique filibustering, Lurie is merely an angry young man and a natural artist woefully lacking in application. Though fervidly didactic essays on sexual and moral duplicity are imbedded in "real" collages with a wild assortment of pin-ups from "girlie" magazines, Lurie's argument is dissipated by messy technique. But several black-and-white paintings, redolent of Goya and Bacon, and a number of much earlier figurative drawings indicate that Lurie has real graphic gifts. The paintings particularly, though barely more than hasty fragments, show rage in the more effective form of projected anguish, even when it comes in the form of an abstract *Monster* stirring in the dense web of a thick, black calligraph. But in art the destructive should be used to build, and M. Lurie is in danger of succumbing to shock values for their own sake. (De Aenlle, Oct. 18-Nov. 5.)—S.T.

Phyllis Agne: Hand in hand with Miss Agne's sense of nostalgia—as revealed in warm portraits of domesticity, subdued portraits and utilitarian still lifes—goes a sense of responsibility to draftsmanship that was one of the laws of art when this particular sense of reality was wholly the fashion. Miss Agne has a strong, old-fashioned streak in her, likes small things and holds them lovingly in the palm of her firm ability to draw them well. Today, however, this suddenly brings her objects to the fore—the fruits, the bottles, the flowers, the figures—quietly monumental in a world that gets smaller as it gets larger. Blues are pervasively implied in her color, and when it is absent sweetness enters. Superb in its Raphael Soyerish way is a *Portrait with Still Life*, with overtones of Vermeer moving the period much further back. Her drawings are excellent, sober without somberness. Miss Agne paints a world that wants to be left—in the words of one of her titles—to its "quiet moments." (Fulton, Nov. 1-30.)—S.T.

Georges Mathieu: On view are paintings done during the 1950's, including a group made in New York in 1957 and not previously shown. All testify to the persistence of Mathieu's notion that painting is one of the performing arts, also to the limitations which such a notion imposes on painting; the spouting paint-tube has its own monotony which even its kinetic quality cannot dispel. A telecast of the artist's encounter with canvas—which has, by the way, been done—or even a broadcast with a good sports announcer giving a play-by-play account of painting's gymnastic execution, should be much more diverting than merely looking at the record of a given spate of activity which each canvas offers so legibly. One must give due credit, however, to the éclat with which the performance is carried off and to the exquisiteness of taste which is ultimately the controlling factor behind the sweeping gestures. (Kootz, Dec. 6-24.)—M.S.

Mario Negri: For a long time now the new look in Italian sculpture has been the antique look. Not content merely to live with their antiquities, the sculptors of Italy today appear to be absorbed in making new works look like old ones. They are not, to be sure, copying the Etruscans, Romans or the Renaissance, for their forms are often strikingly original, but they contrive to give their work a mellowed and age-worn aura rather than the raw immediacy of the newly fashioned. Negri is no exception to this trend;

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his figures with their flowing robes and the massive pedestals suggestive of tombs or altars rely on evocations of the past for a good deal of their impact. These figures, single and in pairs or groups, are given largely through the overlapping and projecting folds of their robes to which heads are simply terminal points, and they are generally mounted in such a way as to connote a ceremonial function or participation. Understated and, for the most part, small, they convey a quiet presence which seems to carry with it the sanction of centuries. (Borgenicht, Nov. 15-Dec. 3.)—M.S.

Ibram Lassaw: An aura of fantasy surrounds the airy labyrinths which sculptor Lassaw fashions from droplets of molten metal. In the splendor of their color and the grandiose whimsy of their design they seem to have been spun from the stuff of dreams and fairy tales, touching little on the cold facts of common experience. Under the welder's torch base metal is turned to pink and yellow gold and shaped into fanciful structures, shimmering mazes which entice the eye and the imagination. The new works do not look very different from the many-chambered constructions of six years ago, although new alloys and new methods of treating them have enriched the color range and the artist continues to widen the flexibility of his technique to produce a greater variety within a general format which has already been established. The dazzling pink-tinged *October Continuity* and the deeply rusted, many-spined *Sea Changes* are two of the more impressive works in the show. (Kootz, Nov. 15-Dec. 3.)—M.S.

Louis Finkelstein: Sometimes it is hard to decide whether a painter is passing through phases or is exhibiting a diversity of styles that in turn reflect his uncertainty. In his Italian work of a few years back, Finkelstein painted a landscape image in a relatively slow, controlled way, using a limited range of purples and greens. Toward the end of his period abroad and since his return here, his style became more sparkling, and, using a wider color range, he has worked in flurries of paint that are suggestive of sunny foliage. In two representational works he has adopted an entirely different style of broad areas of color, a style that seems most effective in a picture of a Maine interior. The room is stated in brilliant red, orange and green, while the doorway frames the blazing light outside. Most recently, he has reverted to a still earlier, nonobjective approach, in which scatterings of color are connected by nervous lines. Altogether, the pictures have a pleasant domestic flavor to them, and the show is united by his ability to paint quite well in whatever style he chooses; but one cannot help feeling that he is undecided. (Roko, Nov. 29-Dec. 22.)—V.R.

Enrico Donati: It's not fair to stick Donati with a comparison to some of the younger Spanish painters who have gone in for the Tapiés sort of thing, but they are in fact called to mind by Donati's "paintings." Seniority in art does not automatically confer worth upon a style, but Donati has been working up these densely textured and scarred surfaces for a long time. And unlike the Spanish work, they do not look as if they had been lifted whole from the walls of antediluvian villas. They do have slabs that look and are colored like weather-beaten mortar and passages that resemble ossified pelts or stiffened, thick-piled black rugs. But they seem to go beyond sheer sensibility to an image, being inscribed in different ways. They are all somewhat ritualistic in character with suggestive stains, shapes and "uns." Gouged, faulted and curried, they luxuriate in tactile values which, rather than seeking to please the artist in their fidelity to some ancient ready-made, are obviously man- and artist-made. But aside from the fact that Donati is something of a Romantic, his homemade archaisms draw on

the universal mud-pie impulse of the long prevailing back-to-nature—way, way back—movement. (Parsons, Nov. 28-Dec. 17.)—S.T.

Fred Hauk: This is a memorial exhibition for an artist who died last summer at the age of fifty-three after having long been active in the New York art world, in particular as a trustee of the Guggenheim Museum. He rarely exhibited his painting, except occasionally in group shows such as the Stable Annual, and since the present show includes only his most recent works, there is no opportunity to trace their evolution or assess his career in its entirety. These late canvases represent New York School painting at its most temperate; the entire surface is worked over in loose, overlapping brush strokes in which action is manifest but always under control and directed toward an ultimate balanced distribution of color and activity. A vast amount of skill and experience is manifest in the achievement, in each canvas, of a perfect harmony between freedom and control, between spontaneity and organization. The degree of accomplishment is high; color-strokes swirl in clusters, disappear into the underpainting, emerge again, disperse as another color rises to crescendo. The artist seems to have a gift for consolidation of a style, the ability to make it his own without any sense of derivation. (Stable, Nov. 9-26.)—M.S.

John Levee: The painting activity is clearly legible in Levee's large, crusty canvases, all the way from the thin underpainting through the layers of slashes and splashes to the final drips and scrapes which enliven the surface. These works, in which there is a good deal of black and brown, tend to have a central nucleus around which the activity is at its most dense, and the paint, rather than spinning out equally over the whole canvas, appears to be straining toward some elusive configuration. There is less density and more ingratiating color in the newest works, particularly in the pair of verticals, *Sept. IV* and *Sept. V*, 1960, in which the heavily painted areas near the center of the canvas disperse into a thin, delicately tinted ground. Form separates itself from space with a resultant dramatic heightening in *July IV*, 1960, showing a marked tendency away from the dark, heavily scumbled earlier works. (Emmerich, Nov. 5-26.)—M.S.

Robert Birmelin: A recent Yale graduate now on a Fulbright in England, where he may well feel at home since his work shows affinities with both Francis Bacon and John Bratby, Birmelin stages a first show of very large drawings in black plastic paint on canvas. The Bratby-Bacon combination sounds implausible, to be sure, but the subject matter here is straight "Kitchen Sink" and the atmosphere that of a Baconian nightmare. A minimum of illumination from the pale square of a window picks out the litter of a dark interior, sleeping figures, gaunt dogs, old papers and dirty dishes, seen from odd perspectives which bring out the artist's skill as draftsman. A hand is among the objects cluttering a moonlit table, a nude on a bed looks more like death than sleep, and a hanging dog emerges from the darkness—the squalid and the macabre are quickly, fluently, graphically given without distinction between the two. (Stable, Nov. 28-Dec. 17.)—M.S.

Harry Sternberg: Gold was one of the means, according to Max Friedlaender, which removed the (ancient) work of art from the sphere of earthly existence. Sternberg has now done up the eroded and barren landscapes of the American West in gold, silver and metallic leafs, braced by a deliberate, sturdy realism vaguely reminiscent of Hartley. The precious medium exalts, with the help of ordinary paint, the unearthliness of the primeval settings and, unconsciously perhaps, also exalts the connection between the elementary and the spiritual. But the techniques, and the



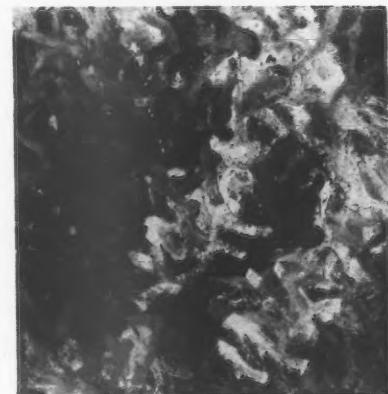
Ibram Lassaw, *Eden Now*;
at Kootz Gallery.



Louis Kinkelstein, *Passegiata Spoleton*;
at Roko Gallery



Enrico Donati, *Guirson*;
at Betty Parsons Gallery.



Fred Hauk, *Signature*;
at Stable Gallery.

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paintings, are ultimately unacceptable since they lack the imaginative emotionalism to support the projected, transcendental decorative splendor. (A.C.A., Oct. 17-Nov. 5.)—S.T.

Israel Levitan: The work of this sculptor is, of course, well known, and there is no perceptible change in his approach. One would like to observe that his wood carvings, which are squat, squat, sharply faceted forms, show considerable understanding of the medium, though this reviewer did not find them particularly pleasing for their insistence on the planed, tree-stump shape. Of all the influences in this century, Cubism appears to have been the most deadening, since few artists, once infected, ever seem able to emerge from it, and it certainly pursues Levitan. In the one stone carving of the collection, a small and beautiful piece of marble, he is overtaken by timidity, and does not cut into the block more than an inch or so—as opposed to his sure strike into the same shape in wood. In this marble carving, the rim of the form is occasionally scarred, and the use of the claw does not achieve much beyond a small echo of the more monumental works in wood. (Barone, Nov. 15-Dec. 10.)—V.R.

Giuseppe Zigaina: Each painting is a mélange of fought-over land: ripped fences, scraps of trees, bushes, a section of the ground, and occasionally a distraught person or child. Except for the fragmentation the work is academic landscape painting. The rigid repetition of the various elements—twenty-one oils and many drawings in 1960—is stultifying; the monotony of the production is considerably more horrifying than the exploded landscape. In one painting, *Winter*, the dark gray of the sky drops into an umber gully and the light fields on either side, and mottled blue-gray and pink rise up—which is a definite but hackneyed composition. The fields are upthrust to be frontal texture, but the horizon recedes quickly, except where it is crossed by a copse of trees. The show appears convincing and sensitive and is not. Zigaina is Italian and a prize winner at the recent Venice Biennale. (Padawer, Nov. 1-30.)—D.J.

Bob Thompson, Peter Passantino: Both of these painters are in their early twenties—a state which almost unavoidably produces paintings infused with large amounts of naïveté and awkwardness and vitiated with thin and irresolute parts. The great dependence on Jan Müller is the most detrimental thing in Thompson's work and the influence of the various old masters in Passantino's. Deducing these elements, some of the vivid color of Thompson's fantasys can be attributed to him; and to Passantino, a pervasive orange or red tone in some of his pictures, which is created through interweaving those colors among the omnipresent streaks of brown. Both work hard, are ambitious and are interesting in bits and pieces, but the exhibition is a beginning. (City, Nov. 11-21.)—D.J.

José de Rivera: There are only four new works by the sculptor in this exhibition, which, besides a work of 1938, also includes a didactic display of cubes and spheres, variously hollowed and structured. Devised in 1954 for the sculpture curriculum at Yale, this display is very useful as an introduction to De Rivera's aesthetic since it demonstrates the disposition of mass to spatialization in a variety of geometric ways. These seem rather cut and dried until their artistic application is observed in Rivera's work. Here an implied volume in space is given both limitation and extension that follow a continuous line through looping trajectories of hammered and polished steel. Tapering, the line promotes a sense of acceleration which is contained by the space fixed by the continuum of movement. De Rivera breaks this line in *Construction No. 72*, which

leaves both ends trailing behind as it pushes a graceful but solid loop into space. A small motor turns the work slowly, as in other examples. The kinetic element provides a fixed orbit consistent with the classical stasis that is ultimately achieved. The trajectory infers dimension by challenging this implied limit, and there results a dynamic equilibrium between impulses of limitation (Classic) and extension (Romantic). It is not as cold-blooded as it sounds. (Borgenecht, Oct. 25-Nov. 12.)—S.T.

Kanemitsu: To begin with, the image is a big shattered boulder, with veins of molten matter filling the crevasses; then, in one painting, it becomes a giant, cracked, black egg, with red protruding, and in another it is a huge purple pansy against a red ground. The shape appears as if through a magnifying glass, creating an emptiness that immediately causes a mental flatulence in the onlooker. Associations swarm all over each other in an attempt to fill the void. Kanemitsu paints cleanly and sharply, his simple forms are planted in the right place, his colors are strong and tasteful, but, in common with the work of many other nonobjective painters, his canvases do not contain enough to enable them to stand unexplained. They exact maximum audience participation—an activity that has come to replace appreciation—so that the sympathetic faculties are squeezed dry, receiving nothing in return. (Radich, Dec. 13-Jan. 7.)—V.R.

Philip Held: This is the work of a painter who not only basks in color, but uses it quite well. He seems receptive to the nature of his surroundings, and a period spent in California has encouraged a natural ability to suggest space in his all but abstract canvases. The "all but" is meant to imply that he draws sustenance from outside himself and translates it into his own terms, as in *Grant Avenue*, where a blue-green night sky descends along the canvas, to a band of purple and flesh-colored shapes at the bottom, with a small group of yellow lights to the left. In other works he both derives excitement and conveys it by the exploration of simple color relationships, such as purple and green, in a close, rhythmical texture of brush strokes. No doubt he is making fairly obvious experiments with color, as in *San Francisco No. 3*, which is a fusion of squarish forms using slate, greens, purples, grays and blue, and is not reaching beyond his grasp. Nevertheless this physical (sensual, not athletic) approach to painting was a pleasant experience, and one looks forward to seeing more of his work. (Camino, Nov. 25-Dec. 15.)—V.R.

Robert Beauchamp: Crowds of nude girls with leonine, ancient-Egyptian hair, and long, graceful profiles are quite strongly drawn in pencil. They sit haunchily in the landscape settings of drab oil sketches. In many cases they are accompanied by what look like baboons, and by human figures with animal heads, while in others the monkeys are there alone. With the exception of one quite appealing drawing of two clothed girls, seated side by side, it is difficult to get anything from these pictures, since Beauchamp seems bent on obscuring any drawing talent he may have with ugly color; he is also determined to leave no clue to his private fantasy, which, under the circumstances, needs all the help it can get. (Great Jones, Nov. 28-Dec. 18.)—V.R.

Emile Norman: The distinction between the arts and crafts has always been rather fluid, except to museums, but it should be kept in mind in Norman's case so that it will not seem begrudging when his work is praised for its incredible craftsmanship and decorative splendor. A California sculptor, Norman makes animals, birds and amphibians in a specially devised technique involving exotic woods and the lost

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wax process of casting. His streamlined forms are singularized by abstract mosaic patterns and colors arrived at by mixing the sawdust from his variously hued woods with the resin paste which is applied to the wax model from which the final, beautifully burnished form takes shape. Not overly inventive in shape or applied pattern, they are marvels of color, delicacy and gesture. A supremely elegant horse that falls somewhere between the Etruscans and Nadelman in form, and a calico cat, surprised in the domesticated version of a once-predatory attitude, are outstanding, and the show as a whole is a very pleasant experience. (Feingarten, Oct. 17-Nov. 12.)—S.T.

Le Corbusier: These lithographs of 1955 convey Le Corbusier's preoccupation with scale that is characteristic of his architecture. The forms tend to the monumental and are roughhewn. The color is flat and unbroken, refraining from those sonorities that would deprive them of impact. The prints are so effective in this respect and in the mural aspect they project that one overlooks, at first, the contributions of Matisse, Léger and Picasso. Not much is clear about the visual symbolism except the relationship of man to his physical environment. There is some affectation in the crude, pictographic simplicity, and the results are ultimately decorative. (Wittenborn, Nov. 15-Dec. 15.)—S.T.

Brue Dorfman: The oil paintings in this show have at least a surface polish of form and execution not usually associated with a twenty-four-year-old painter. They are conservative semiabstractions, distantly related at times to Baziotes or Shahn, and only rarely does the quiet confidence ring a little hollow, betraying a serious but young student. *Greenleaves* becomes so subtle that the big form is about lost, and some of the other bird and plant pieces have retained too much idea of the subject at the expense of the idea of the painting. The largest work, *Queen of Cards*, is very handsomely carried off, although more attention to the abstract shapes in the center and less to the delicate drawing of the face would have resulted in a more enduring picture. When the delicate concentration is turned on the formal elements, in *Umbrian Landscape*, the result is vague but there—and it's a beauty, probably the best in the show. (Two Explorers, Nov. 28-Dec. 20.)—L.S.

Lanskoy: If much contemporary Parisian painting is known as *cuisine*, a judicious blending of ingredients resulting in a delectable visual repast, Lanskoy represents the *haute cuisine* from which come the superb concoctions of a master chef. On a basic ground of white or blue or violet he spreads buttery dabs of color in irresistible combinations, wielding his palette knife skillfully to bring each succulent spread of paint into a pattern of color crescendos and diminishing value scales. Such paintings as *Un Autre Château* or *Les Soucis des Insouciants* are sybaritic works, given over to the uncomplicated luxuriance in paint consistency and harmonious color array. Only in *The Poor Knight's Offering* is there a sense of urgency, of an ominous presence in the lurid violet and orange and green flashing over a black ground, to form a startling configuration. (Loeb, Nov. 7-Dec. 10.)—M.S.

Lewis Michael Stern, Robert Klippel: Stern's medium is wet ink washed on brown wrapping paper, and within its limits, which are not forced, some remarkable things happen. The subject usually consists of a simple horizontal notation for the sea and a variety of ominous cloudy shapes hanging in the air (*Orbs, Moons, Sputtering Suns*). The misty romanticism is helped by the ink remaining in fluid designs on the grainy paper, and the brown-black medium is conducive to reading in a brown-black mood. The two versions of *In*

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IN THE GALLERIES

the Beginning are among the best. Klippen is an Australian, now teaching in Minneapolis, and is showing a group of small welded-metal sculptures. Some of the pieces are made almost entirely of nails and have a funny character, both fuzzy and bristling. The majority are made of more solid planes of metal and are usually resolved in a feeling of rising weightlessness recalling early Cubist painting. (Parma, Nov. 15-30.)—L.S.

John Wilde: In the small, flawless oils by John Wilde there is no trace of hand or brush. Each glassy surface mirrors objects more perfect than life: a pale basket of lemons; a cluster of plump, red strawberries; a tiny, dead hummingbird; a tray of nettles and bittersweet—all formed with an exquisiteness which nature itself rarely achieves. All have an inexplicably eerie quality, but only in *From My Window* does Surrealism take open command with a fantastic scene of pink and lavender dogs chasing two fleeing nudes along a tiled street lined with commonplace houses. Within each frame everything is fixed and immutable, elegantly ordered, in contrast with the imperfect, ever-mutating world beyond, as if one small defiance were being offered in the face of the inevitable laws of change and decay. (Isaacson, Nov. 22-Dec. 10.)—M.S.

Philippe Hosiasson: It is not the general configuration so much as the quality of the paint which has changed in the recent works of the Russian-born Parisian painter Hosiasson. No longer does the paint flow in heavy, sluggish masses and thick,ropy strands—it is thinly applied, even sparingly in spots, or spread in smooth sheets with a palette knife—but the interlocking forms retain their look of slow fluidity, conveying a sense of gradual permutation rather than energetic dissolution. One does not expect from Paris such uningratiating painting as this, with its occasional bilious passages, its obscurity of intention, its lack of *élan*; yet in its own perverse way this work carries a certain conviction which is foreign to so much of today's frothy surface painting. There is a suggestion of primeval reminiscence, of an unpopulated earth whose crust is slowly hardening, a waste unquenched by the force of life. (Kootz, Dec. 6-24.)—M.S.

Captain Hugh Mulzac, Walter Herrick: Mulzac is half Swedish and half West Indian by birth, and he took up painting at sixty, after a career in the merchant marine that started in windjammer days. His pictures are chiefly small nautical scenes set in the Barbados, and they are as clean and sparkling as no doubt his ships were. Herrick, who was a member of Mulzac's crew, shows a painting of moored sailing ships, where the craft lend themselves well to the flat pattern in which he has arranged them, together with a more three-dimensional study of a billiards player, and a seated figure on board ship. He also includes a few wood constructions, placed within picture frames, that display a loving knowledge of the medium and a good sense of design. This little exhibition might be of interest to people who are susceptible to the mystical quality surrounding men who have spent their lives at sea, since this quality also pervades their modest efforts. (Hicks St. Gallery, Dec. 16-Jan. 5.)—V.R.

Jason Schoener: The main building-blocks of Schoener's canvases are fairly nebulous masses of color. They are typical of the way the sense of abstraction works for many artists as they fall somewhat between a sign of a mass and a broad detail. The effects are either luminous or translucent, so that when particular detail is tipped in, it is either silhouetted or follows a pattern of stylized illumination, as in his studies of the Oakland Bay area where he lives and teaches. In either case the luminosity of his paintings is intensified. Natural recession is observed, but shadows and

reflections are blended, so that a flattening-out of the landscape occurs. Schoener strives for certain lyrical qualities but feels a need for detail, and paints in one style for the former and another for the latter—within the same picture. (Midtown, Dec. 13-Jan. 7.)—S.T.

Roy Colonna: Colonna's quick eye and hand do not spare his subjects as they are briskly and devastatingly set down in fluent brush drawings. Lester Young, Thelonius Monk and other musicians, actors in their roles—Marcel Marceau as Bip and Lester Rawlins as Hamm in *Endgame*. Alan Ginsberg and anonymous characters are depicted with an immediacy that is almost harsh, but nonetheless vivid. Although the quality of the work is very different, the artist seems to partake in a feeling for performers akin to that of Toulouse-Lautrec, a fascination with the superimposition of a role on an actual person and the mood generated by the performance. (Bodley, Dec. 6-24.)—M.S.

Sascha Moldovan: A Russian émigré who has lived for many years in Paris, Moldovan still turns to his Russian childhood for the source of many of his paintings. The mingling of fantasy and reminiscence give his Expressionistic work a distinct character which poignantly conveys the uprooted person's wistful idealization of an irretrievable past. Bright rooftops and radiant skies are seen through dark arabesques of branches, almost like leaded panes of stained glass. Clusters of low houses, folk-tale people, Russian churches are seen most often through a foreground barrier of trees or a fence, heightening the sense of the inaccessible. The forms are strong, deliberate, and each painting is animated with genuine expression. (New Masters, Nov. 14-Dec. 10.)—M.S.

Rodin: A guess would put these drawings as earlier than others by Rodin that are frequently shown. These, however, have supposedly not been seen publicly since 1937, when they were first shown in New York. There are fifteen of them, undated, and colored with water colors in Rodin's familiar limpid style, containing the lyric abandonment of several nudes within pink-filled contours that detail the tide of their movement. A pair of reclining women receives more detailed attention than we have become accustomed to in Rodin's drawings, but on the whole these seem more casual studies than others from his hand. A very early photograph of the master developed on a sort of tissue paper is interesting from a documentary and photographic point of view. Three small bronzes, including a plaque presented to a group of American playwrights, are also included. (Bayer, Nov. 15-Dec. 17.)—S.T.

Gordon Press: Here are confections rather than paintings—very large works built up in patterns of tinted frosting that reach all over the canvas. Without knowing how many of them one could take, one was nevertheless intrigued by these patterns that also looked like giant, asymmetric lace tablecloths. Press handles paint very well in a rhythmical way, and when he descends slightly in key, as in *The Heart Cells Move toward the Primitive Line*, he maintains a sensitive if still rather sweet feeling for his pigment. In spite of their nonobjectivity, one could not dismiss the idea that they should have been hanging in the bedroom of one of Colette's heroines, their incredibly pretentious titles notwithstanding. (Area, Nov. 18-Dec. 6.)—V.R.

Roberto Crippa: With more ambition than ideas, Crippa, another Italian import, bunches rough sheets of cork to suggest landscape formations and adds measured lines and fastidiously crumpled newspapers (the latter for no apparent reason) to elicit *personnages* and animals that sometimes sport glass eyes. He is also showing



George Morrison, *Untitled*,
at Grand Central Moderns.

some bristling sculpture, where among other carnivorous forms of birds and heads there is a head consisting largely of a cruelly humorous mouth full of vicious spikes—a kissing cousin, one would swear, of one of Osborn's managerial inquisitors. Crippa's resemblances to Burri and Dubuffet only remarks on his haste to obtain a pedigree modernism, for he vacates the social stances implied in his moribund medium in his desire to make an impression. (Iolas, Oct. 25–Nov. 12.)—S.T.

George Morrison: Landscape is not present in these abstract oil paintings except as it is implied through tonal colors which are the local ones slightly deranged and intensified. They are orchestrated in threads and patches which follow Guston's lead in tempering with texture an entire surface, which nevertheless falls back in most cases into a top and bottom sequence—at which point the color-forms seem like evasions rather than "abstractions." (Grand Central Moderns, Nov. 26–Dec. 15.)—S.T.

Karl-Heinz Krause: The young German sculptor Krause makes his New York debut with a group of supple bronze figures and a series of figure drawings and etchings. These figures with their long, smooth limbs and slender torsos are bent and contorted in uncomfortable positions which convey more of abasement than of dignity and self-command. The elongated proportions carry shades of Lehmbruck, but the gentle, pensive quality of his figures gives way to an unfeeling stylization, and a ruthless generalization on mankind takes the place of individually directed compassion. (Borgenicht, Dec. 6–31.)—M.S.

Henry Niese: Simple, dark forms contrasting strongly with a white ground are Niese's preference in a group of new works which range from barnyard animals to stark interiors, such as *New Björnstorps*, treated almost as a rectilinear abstraction. *Family Landscape* views a landscape of estatic color from an interior vantage with three chairs in the foreground representing their occupants. The perspectives which draw one into a scene are always unusual, and each painting is fresh in conception and makes a strong impact. (G Gallery, Nov. 4–31.)—M.S.

Donald Mavros: These little pieces of streamlined abstract sculpture are by the ceramics instructor at the New School for Social Research. They are fired in rough clay, and the resulting combination of archaic surface with modern form, which could produce an affected gift-shop item, is saved by the refinement and perfection of the form. Within the conservative size and medium, the pieces range from mathematically curving pure sculpture, about to become airborne, to a

Gaudi little pot, functional only in the wildest sense. Each one seems very self-contained, and the shapes are resolved neatly. (Nonagon, Nov. 11–Dec. 7.)—L.S.

Walter Plate: *Sentinel I* makes the strongest impact of any of the beautifully colored, evasively suggestive paintings in this show. Its two emphatic verticals of bright blue rally the gentler flurries of color into a forceful image which offers some resistance to the observer, a presence to be reckoned with, instead of the pretty but passive drift which graces most of these canvas surfaces. In *Dream Sequence No. 5*, tentative passages of bright color break into the center of a muted blue and gray ground and stay suspended like a reverie. Sheets of white and icy green slant across *Wittenberg Pond*, reflecting warmer glints in their chilly surface. (Stable, Oct. 18–Nov. 5.)—M.S.

Yarnall: These swiftly worked statues, cast in bronze from clay originals in which the clay appears to have been built up like paint, concern themselves with the figures and animals of circus life. Their earnest realism is adulterated by the Expressionist approach. The small, full-figure portrait of the clown Otto Griebling is typical. It is full of agitated surfaces that capture the bogginess of his costume but fail to embrace and transform his gesture of relaxation. (Pietranon, Nov. 15–Dec. 31.)—S.T.

John Groth: There seem to be very few pertinent remarks to be made about these ink drawings and etchings. Groth has a considerable reputation as an illustrator and teacher, which will, quite properly, be unaffected by criticism of his work. The theme of the show is the horse: the etchings concern the Lipizzaner stallions of the Spanish riding school in Vienna, while the drawings are of horsey functions, such as trotting races, both here and abroad. There are galloping horses with riders from North Africa to Afghanistan, as well as a donkey race in the Virgin Islands, all of which are executed in a dashing, superficial and confident way. (Nessler, Nov. 28–Dec. 17.)—V.R.

Joan Singleton: Swarming with suggestions of provincial detail and bright, happy colors, Miss Singleton's canvases are credible and enjoyable. She paints quaint Southern architecture, circus scenes, and pungent genre studies of Mexican life, usually "drawing" her detail in quick, nervous fashion over slick films of hot color. No great shakes with composition, this Galveston artist keeps everything moving. A flower piece, *The Red Vase*, concentrates line, color and texture for a very vivid little painting. (Artzt, Dec. 15–26.)—S.T.

Giuseppe Napoli: The formal sloppiness of Napoli's paintings corresponds to his disinterest in style. He is negligent as to his general purpose and to that of each work. Rows of bottles (arranged like Morandi's but painted large and Expressionistically), oversized, linear and jejune figures, and abstractions somewhat like Hofmann's have been done concurrently. Several of the latter are relatively controlled and forceful. In a small painting a green ending in a bar of flat and gloss black crosses a red; these, with a similar yellow, all three crinkled in drying, make up a frequent Hofmann combination. (Art Fair, Oct. 24–Nov. 13.)—D.J.

Mariette Jaubert-Delcroix: Bissière pacified Pollock considerably, and it is this formula which Jaubert-Delcroix uses. The consequent modesty, although incongruous with the original, has a certain compensation in itself; it acknowledges its minor mode. Blue, viridian and white swirl up the canvas, in one small painting, coexistent with a fine, somewhat austere touch from an older style. (Morris, Oct. 18–Nov. 1.)—D.J.

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IN THE GALLERIES

Eric Sloan: The author of books on clouds and atmosphere as well as an expert on Americana, Eric Sloan finds outlet for both interests in his low-horizoned paintings with their attentively structured skies and in his views of rural New England and old stone barns in particular. In both types of painting he is accomplished and meticulous, decking his maple trees lavishly with fiery autumn color, or giving back his feathered skies in a tidewater reflection. (Grand Central, Nov. 22-Dec. 3.)—M.S.

John Maxwell: President of the Philadelphia Water Color Society, Maxwell is trying his hand at oils and collages which are inconclusively semiabstract in their treatment of landscapes. There is a lot of atmospheric clouding, some edgeless massing, some spontaneous brushwork and some charging of the color for dramatic effect. "Effects" are, in fact, partly the subject, and the collages are especially victimized, for the medium never gets a chance to be itself. (Artzt, Dec. 3-14.)—S.T.

Annette Bartle: A highly modified and imposed Cubism, following largely the contours rather than the planes of forms, is designed to add movements to the consequently stylized landscape detail. She gets Gatch-like qualities sometimes, and only in a snowscape with a swathe of white sweeping in and through the scene is the visual content fully engaged. (Midtown, Nov. 22-Dec. 10.)—S.T.

Frank Bernarducci: Although this painter's manifesto speaks of controlling the power and strength of his "forms and tensions through the use of color and shapes," his canvases seem to be just flabby splodges of color, delivered in the usual active way. Since the work did so little to arouse interest, one's mind wandered off to contemplate the existence of such a course as "creative painting," a subject which Bernarducci studied under the aegis of Samuel Adler. One may draw two equally significant conclusions: either the academies have broken down painting into new categories—creative as opposed to therapeutic perhaps—or else this is some kind of terrible euphemism. (Phoenix, Nov. 25-Dec. 15.)—V.R.

Woldemar Neufeld: There is enough of the colloquial in Neufeld's realism to compare it to American Scene painting, but Neufeld has updated the genre by using carefully selected planes to strengthen formally a style that is firmly handled to begin with. A modest Cubist superstructure has been imposed, forcing stylizing angles on subject matter whose ruggedness and humor rarely suffer as a result. Within his limits the artist is faithful to both subject and visual idea. (Internationale, Dec. 7-20.)—S.T.

Hubert Tatum, Lynn Nusom: Tatum does speckled canvases in which the paint is laid on dryly with small strokes, and overlaid with a good deal of white. While some are entirely nonobjective, in others, a still life emerges faintly, and in two works he has used a collage of canvas, though these do not differ greatly from the paintings. In a composition of two figures in a landscape, he has been able to make a bolder statement of forms. Nusom drags thin paint over the canvas with little conviction, and not too much understanding of the medium. (Brooklyn Arts, Nov. 13-Dec. 3.)—V.R.

Amy Small: This is the kind of sculpture where the shape of the block has not only suggested the shape of the work but has dominated it. Small carvings in various marbles comprise the exhibition, the figures emerging with difficulty from the material, which is, in many cases, pocked and bruised. (Selected Artists, Dec. 6-17.)—V.R.

Tom Bostelle: Only five paintings were avail-

able for review, and they indicate no profound change in Bostelle's technique. He works with line and silhouette on preciously scraped and prepared grounds; his palette is limited to blacks, grays and scraped-out whites; and he still cannot go beyond his technique to modernize what is essentially an illustrative realism. (Bianchini, Dec. 5-31.)—S.T.

Valette Swan: The theme is Mexico, the forms stylized in a tubular way, and the colors are deep pink and blue. Miss Swan's drawings of groups of Mexicans at their daily tasks are rather better than her incandescent paintings of their religious festivals. (Sudamericana, Oct. 17-Nov. 5.)—V.R.

Robert Taugner: After the war Taugner for a while operated a small cargo vessel, and his most effective paintings are those dealing with maritime life. *Offshore* fills a small canvas with a heavy swell. A man in a small sailboat sets the scale. Taugner's realism has a narrative flavor which becomes both pronounced and contrived in several symbolic canvases where shadowy figures and waving pennants seem to deal with religious themes. (Madison, Dec. 3-16.)—S.T.

Howard Woody, Mildred Harston: Lurching planes of color, rather viscously applied, lunge past each other in an effort to act like form in Woody's canvases. Harston's small mixed-media works utilize collage, water-color and some printing techniques to produce a variety of abstract designs, largely of a decorative nature. (Madison, Dec. 17-30.)—S.T.

Gabriel Godard: Squarish patches of vivid color, evenly spread, are arranged in rough approximations of landscape patterns or figure groups. The paintings are first gay patchworks of predominantly primary colors and secondly abbreviated notes on the general configurations of a scene. The work of this young French painter is bright, attractive, modish, showing a ready facility and sharp sense of style. (Findlay, Dec. 1-17.)—M.S.

Ray Spillenger: One was unable to discern any particular merit in these active sweeps of paint, which were of a rather disagreeable khaki color. The pictures had a windswept look, and one canvas was not improved by being obscured by a rectangle of flat yellow. (Great Jones, Nov. 7-27.)—V.R.

Ivan Mosca: Gesticulating rather grandly with his painting knife, Mosca is basically a romantic whose impatience with subject matter places the burden of expression on color. An Italian artist, he far too frequently slaps on a few creamy curds of paint and thinks it's poetry. His bleak little landscapes reverse this trend a bit, but sultry flower pieces and others with dreadful little balloons ascending like lost planets in the night sky substitute atmosphere for the passion a real subject would have aroused. (Bianchini, Nov. 10-Dec. 2.)—S.T.

Hamilton Wolf: A general sturdiness characterizes these pictures, and it is not surprising to learn that Wolf has had many years experience as a teacher of art, both here and on the West Coast. His forms are solid and rather cylindrical, the color somber, and he seems mainly interested in relating a single figure to its setting, with a careful eye to the design of the picture. Also included are small brightly colored works on a Mexican theme, where he departs into a fantasy world in which he does not seem so comfortable. (Chase, Dec. 19-31.)—V.R.

Gladys Gross: *Embryo*, which is fairly characteristic, is divided between a large circle of swollen arcs, which are apparently variously colored umbrellas, and two women with large heads. The

image relates to Chagall, whose influence is evident in most of these paintings. The color, although glazed and scumbled, is rather monochromatic and is an instance of the caution which quiets the other elements of the work. (Carmel, Dec. 2-14.)—D.J.

Fred Taubes: Either Taubes has a theory that the female figure is basically bottle-shaped or he has difficulty with drawing. This curious form, treated singly and in groups in dark, oily and smooth paint, would be less noticeable if he did not insist on outlining it in a bright-red line. His dreamlike landscapes are more pleasing. (Selected Artists, Dec. 20-31.)—V.R.

Girod de l'Ain: These are streaky paintings of little girls with long hair, playing, sitting, or drinking their milk. Miss De l'Ain has not been able to capture either the general or individual character of her subjects. (F.A.R., Dec. 19-31.)—V.R.

Fan Niatcho, Kathleen Chandler: Miss Niatcho's work was apparently done many years ago. Her forte is etching, and the prints that are shown transcend their period realism through stolid but otherwise well-composed design. Miss Chandler's awkward paintings of the Deep South are amateurish. (Duncan, Dec. 1-15.)—S.T.

Lora Cirkin: A vestigial realism cramps the style of these fleecy color abstractions which derive from fields of flowers and what suggests clouds tinted by a sunrise. The loose, free quality is painted in, with the result that there are too many hard edges to shapes that create a lush blaze of form-dissolving light. (Panoras, Dec. 5-17.)—S.T.

Richard Langseth-Christensen: Apart from a group of flower pieces, these are scenes of Mexican life, done in sweet colors with a palette knife. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, Nov. 29-Dec. 20.)—V.R.

Vincent Cavallaro: A peculiar brown, textured background is used a little like a trade-mark in these nonobjective oils, and in front of it multiple oil planes, like a big plastic kaleidoscope, play with light and pleasant weightlessness. (High Gate, Nov. 16-Jan. 3.) . . . **Ivan Mosca:** Flowers, insects and an unusual number of butterflies are the main theme of this show of two dozen color lithographs, done in bright colors and harsh black; a delicate minor note is the Italian printmaker's series of tiny etchings, *The Little Book of Insects*. (Wehry, Nov. 4-30.) . . .

Peter Hayward: "Grand prize winner in the Washington Square Outdoor Exhibit for three successive years," Hayward shows paintings that are commercial oils, long after Utrillo, and show a little spark for catching fog and sun on canvas. (Grand Central, Dec. 6-17.) . . . **Clifford Smith:** The wit and imagination behind these collage-sculpture combinations have tough going in the medium and its execution, which is too often like a display for a homecoming game; the little sculptures and drawings come through best. (Duo, Nov. 15-Dec. 3.) . . . **Enrique Montenegro:** One of the older painters in the style of Diebenkorn, he uses similar lone figures, isolated in a geometric background, but the work never seems to be really devoted or serious. (Parma, Dec. 2-17.)—L.S.

Elsie Rubin: A former student of Joe Solman, Miss Rubin rather timidly attempts to build a personal style on his influence with near-semiabstract still lifes that are drawn with a slight but deliberate eccentricity. (Artzt, Nov. 29-Dec. 8.) . . .

Franklin Wurster: An Expressionist, Wurster slashes away at subject matter, succumbing only in a small landscape in reshaping subject along his emotional lines. (Panoras, Dec. 19-31.) . . . **Adele Webster:** The like-

ness of the sitters is undoubtedly captured in these commissioned portraits whose facsimile-tints occupy a uniformly chalky middle value of light. (Eggleston, Nov. 14-25.) . . . **Drew De Shong:** Several ably executed woodcuts are the exceptions in this premature exhibition by a nineteen-year-old Harvard student whose many drawings favor introspective types and vaguely Surreal gimmicks in the absence of a practiced technique and emotional subtlety. (Deitsch, Nov. 26-Dec. 24.) . . . **Nonie Hahn:** The artist is successful in her naive efforts to abstract only to the extent that her subject provides her with a head start, as in *Wet Pavement*. (Internationale, Dec. 2-14.) . . . **Eleanor Smart:** Every style is grist for Miss Smart's mill as she runs the gamut from realism to abstraction, from accidental poured patterns to atmospheric landscapes of Italian ruins. (Duncan, Oct. 15-Nov. 5.) . . . **Diddie Mae:** Friezes of blurred figures painted on damp surfaces effect an Egyptian character by being strung out in a written order. (Pietrantonio, Dec. 1-15.) . . . **Frank de Bruin Valerius:** A Dutch portraitist, Valerius rises only to the stolid average in both portraiture and landscape, but he also shows a number of abstract canvases which merely indicate a direct transfer of his academic disposition. (Gotham, Oct. 17-Nov. 12.) . . . **Gemma Vercelli:** Devotional paintings and nudes, as sentimental as they are erotic, are colored by glazes in almost a pointillist fashion by an Italian artist who strives for mystical effects by painting ecstatic expressions. (Duncan, Nov. 15-Dec. 5.)—S.T.

George Wardlaw: The Hudson River country near New Paltz is the inspiration for these broad, bright landscape impressions; arranged in a flat format are large color areas, traversed by a wide band of blue, the whole charged with enthusiasm about paint and nature, but showing more vigor than finesse. (Section 11, Nov. 29-Dec. 17.) . . . **Enrique Climent:** Spanish-born Climent has been living in Mexico since 1939, and certain forms which are characteristic of Pre-Columbian art have found their way into the version of Synthetic Cubism which the artist has evolved; broken planes and a subdued color range are used in well-ordered still lifes, but sometimes Cubist rigors are put aside and the painter reverts to old-fashioned pictorialism, as in his Spanish galleon in full sail. (Proteo, Nov. 15-Dec. 15.) . . . **Francisco Borès:** With thin, spare washes and a few stenographic touches, Borès achieves water colors of landscapes and still lifes which are crisp without hardening into stylization; compotes with fruit and light-drenched hillsides are cleanly rendered with no extraneous touches, and the result is pleasant and the manner assured. (Berès, Dec. 1-29.) . . . **Harry McDonald:** Fanciful small paintings in gouache and ink show the facades of Italian cathedrals, including a festively illuminated *San Marco*, and other subjects gleaned from a European journey, such as an elaborate grillwork gate in Bern and a *Mask Vendor of Naples*, a small cart piled high with whimsical false-faces; the delicacy of workmanship and the unusual coloration bring a suggestion of fantasy to the actuality of subject. (Bodley, Dec. 5-24.) . . . **Donald Resnick:** Agitated land- and seascapes with overcast skies are painted with a nice openness and fluency of brushwork, the principle drawback being a tendency to muddy the color and detract from the freshness of the paintings; overly strong color on the other hand is the problem in Resnick's portraits, where the blatant oranges and blues are unrelieved and cloying. (Caravan, Nov. 2-29.) . . . **William Fried:** Paint is very heavily applied either in simple vertical bands or lavish dribbles over a basic grid; boldness and rather interesting color combinations succumb, however, in the confusion of the garbled vocabulary which the painter employs without comprehension. (Caravan, Dec. 1-31.)—M.S.

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Athens, Ohio: Ultimate Concerns: 2nd National Print and Drawing Exhibition, Westminster Foundation at Ohio University, Mar. 15-30. Open to all artists. Media: drawing, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due Mar. 1, work due Mar. 7. Write: S. T. Nicolls, Dir., Westminster Foundation at Ohio University, 18 N. College, Athens, Ohio.

Boston, Mass.: Gallery CAC 1st Annual Contemporary Painting Competition, June 5-30. Open to all artists. All painting media. Limit five entries. Jury. Fee. All work due April 5. Write: Benjamin Kaufman, Gallery CAC, 10 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

Brighton, Mass.: Henri Studio Gallery Exhibition of Contemporary Jewish Art, Mar. 28-Apr. 22. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Jury. No fee. Entry cards and work due Mar. 24. Write: Secy., Henri Studio Gallery, 1247 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Henri Studio Gallery Contemporary Textile and Craft Show, Mar. 1-25. Open to all artists. Media: hand-woven textiles, rugs, mosaics, printed fabrics. Jury. No fee. Entry cards and work due Feb. 24. Write: Secy., Henri Studio Gallery, 1247 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Bryantville, Mass.: Brockton Art Assn. 4th Annual Winter Show, Feb. 18-Mar. 10. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, drawing, graphics, sculpture, ceramics, jewelry, silver work. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 per entry. Entry cards and work due Feb. 11. Write: Robert Collins, Box 97, Bryantville, Mass.

Clinton, N. J.: Hunterdon County Art Center 5th National Print Exhibition, Mar. 19-Apr. 30. Open to all artists. All print media except monotype. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards and work due Feb. 25. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Old Stone Mill, Center St., Clinton, N. J.

Gloucester, Mass.: Gloucester Art Institute Third New Horizons in Art Exhibition, Jan. 11-31. Open to all artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Entry cards due Jan. 2, work due Jan. 9. Write: Gloucester Art Institute, 22 Western Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

Hartford, Conn.: Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts 51st Annual Exhibition, Wadsworth Atheneum, Mar. 4-Apr. 2. Open to all living artists. Media: oil, oil tempera, sculpture, intaglio, lithographic, planographic. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards and work due Feb. 20. Write: Louis J. Fusari, Box 204, Hartford 1, Conn.

Jersey City, N. J.: Jersey City Museum Annual National Exhibition of the Painters and Sculptors Society of New Jersey, Feb. 20-Mar. 18. Open to all artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards due Jan. 25, work due Jan. 30. Write: Frances Hulmes, 15 Park Ave., Rutherford, N. J.

New York, N. Y.: Abbey Scholarship in Mural Painting. Competition open to citizens of U. S. not more than 35 years of age. Entry cards due Jan. 13, work due on Jan. 20 only. Write: Secretary, Abbey Memorial Scholarship Fund, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

Arts Center Gallery Monthly Shows. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Arts Center Gallery, 545 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

Art Directions Gallery Monthly Juried Shows. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Art Directions Gallery, 600 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Audubon Artists 19th Annual, National Academy Galleries, Jan. 19-Feb. 5. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes (\$3,000 total). Fee: \$5. Entry cards and work due Jan. 5. Write: Mina Kocherthal, Secy., 124 W. 79th St., New York 24, N. Y.

Catherine Lorillard Wolfe Art Club 64th Annual Exhibition of Contemporary Realistic Work, National Arts Club, Jan. 31-Feb. 12. Open to all women artists of the U.S. Media: oil, water color, pastel, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards and work due Jan. 23. Write: Marion de Sola Mendes, 1435 Lexington Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

City Center Gallery Monthly Juried Shows, City Center of Music and Drama. Open to all artists. Medium: water color, Dec.; oil, Jan. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Dec. 8, 9 for Dec.; Jan. 12, 13 for Jan. Write: Mrs. Ruth Yates, City Center of Music and Drama, 58 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Knickerbocker Artists 14th Annual Exhibition, National Arts Club, Mar. 15-26. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Work due Mar. 10. Write: Ann Kocsis, Secy., 327 W. 76th St., New York 23, N. Y.

National Society of Painters in Casein 7th Annual, Riverside Museum, March 5-26. Open to all artists. Casein paintings only. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards and work due Feb. 20. Write: Florian G. Kranner, Secy., 182 Bennett Ave., New York 40, N. Y.

"Recent Paintings U.S.A.: The Figure," Museum of Modern Art, Spring 1962. Open to all citizens or permanent residents of the U.S. Media: oil, plastic, tempera, casein, gouache. Only work done since January 1, 1958 is eligible. Entry cards due Mar. 6, 1961. Write: Junior Council Painting Exhibition, Museum of Modern Art, 21 W. 53rd St., New York 19, N. Y.

Salon of the Fifty States, Ligoa Duncan Galerie, continuous monthly shows. Open to all artists residing in the U. S. All painting media. Jury. Winning entries shown in Paris. Fee: \$5 for one, \$8 for two works. Size limit 32 by 24 inches. Work due the 25th of month. Write: Ligoa Duncan Galerie, 215 E. 82nd St., New York 28, N. Y.

Norfolk, Va.: Norfolk Museum 8th Annual American Drawing Exhibition, Feb. 1-Mar. 1. Open to all artists. Medium: drawing (monochrome). Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1. Entry cards and work due Jan. 18. Write: D. M. Halley, Jr., Norfolk Museum, Museum Plaza, Norfolk 10, Va.

Oklahoma City, Okla.: Oklahoma Printmaker's Society 3rd National Exhibition, Oklahoma Art Center, Apr. 16-May 14. Open to all living artists of the U.S. Media: water color, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards due Mar. 16, work due Feb. 23-Mar. 16. Write: Oklahoma Printmaker's Society, Box 10, Oklahoma City University, Oklahoma City 6, Okla.

Peoria, Ill.: Peoria Art Center National Water Color Exhibition, Feb. 5-28. Open to all artists. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due Jan. 31. Write: Mrs. M. J. Sparks, Art Center, Glen Oak Pavilion, Peoria, Ill.

Philadelphia, Pa.: Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts 156th Annual Exhibition, Jan. 22-Feb. 26. Open to all living American artists. Media: water color, drawing, graphics. Jury. Prizes. No fee. All work due Dec. 30. Write: Elizabeth Z. Swenson, Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Broad & Cherry Sts., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

San Francisco, Cal.: San Francisco Art Association 24th Annual Drawing, Print and Sculpture Show, San Francisco Museum of Art, Feb. 2-Mar. 5. Open to all artists. Media: drawing, prints, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards due Dec. 9, work due Dec. 14. Write: Harry Baker, Registrar, San Francisco Museum of Art, Veterans Bldg., Civic Center, San Francisco 2, Cal.

Seattle, Wash.: Northwest Printmakers 32nd International Print Exhibition, Seattle Art Museum, Feb. 9-Mar. 5; Portland Art Museum (Ore.), Apr. Open to all American and foreign printmakers. Media: all fine graphic media except monoprints. Jury. Prizes. Fee. All work due Jan. 18. Write: Secretary, Seattle Art Museum, Seattle 2, Wash.

Tulsa, Okla.: National Competition of American Indian Painting and Sculpture, Philbrook Art Center, May 2-31. Open to all artists of North American Indian or Eskimo descent. Media: painting, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Work due Apr. 8. Write: Curator of Indian Art, Philbrook Art Center, 2727 S. Rockford, Tulsa, Okla.

Washington, D. C.: Washington Watercolor Association 64th Annual National Exhibition, U. S. National Museum, Mar. 12-Apr. 2. Open to all artists. Media: water color, pastel, drawing, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards and work due Feb. 27. Write: John Bryans, 4207 23rd St. N., Arlington 7, Va.

Wichita, Kans.: Wichita Art Association 16th National Decorative Arts-Ceramic Exhibition, Apr. 15-May 22. Open to all American craftsmen. Media: jewelry, metalwork, ceramics, wood and stone sculpture, mosaic, glass and stained glass, enamel, textiles. Jury. Prizes (total \$2000). Fee: \$4. Work due Mar. 1-14. Write: Maude G. Schollenberger, 40 N. Belmont Ave., Wichita, Kans.

Regional

Asheville, N. C.: Manor Gallery Regional Monthly Exhibitions. Open to artists within 100 miles of Asheville. Media: painting, drawing, graphics, ceramics. Jury. Work due first Saturday of month. Write: Bartlett Tracy, The Manor Gallery, Asheville, N. C.

Clinton, N. J.: Hunterdon County Art Center 8th State-wide Exhibition, June 4-July 5. Open to all New

Jersey artists. Media: oil, water color, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Work due May 14. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Old Stone Mill, Center St., Clinton, N. J.

Dallas, Tex.: Museum of Fine Arts 11th Southwest Print and Drawing Exhibition, Jan. 22-Feb. 19. Open to artists of Tex., Ark., Ariz., Colo., La., N. M. Media: prints, drawings. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Entry cards and work due Jan. 8. Write: Mrs. Leonard Hole, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Dallas 26, Tex.

East Orange, N. J.: Art Center of the Oranges 10th Annual State Exhibition, March 5-18. Open to all N. J. artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards due Feb. 8, work due Feb. 11, 12. Write: Egbert T. Angell, 427 Prospect St., East Orange, N. J.

Huntington, L. I., N. Y.: Sixth Annual Show of the Huntington Township Art League, Heckscher Museum, Mar. 19-Apr. 15. Open to all artists residing or working on Long Island. Media: oil, water color, mixed, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Mar. 3, 4. Write: Mrs. Richard Wurtz, 33 Parkview Terr., Huntington, L. I., N. Y.

Huntington, W. Va.: 9th Annual Exhibition 180, Huntington Galleries, April 23-May 28. Open to artist of W. Va. and those living within 180 miles of Huntington in Ohio and Ky. Media: oil, water color, prints, graphics, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4. Entry cards due March 29, work due April 2. Write: Huntington Galleries, Huntington, W. Va.

Indianapolis, Ind.: Hoosier Salon Patrons Association Exhibition, Wm. H. Block Co. Galleries, Jan. 29-Feb. 11. Open to Ind. artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$7.50. Entry cards due Jan. 17, work due Jan. 13-18. Write: Mrs. L. F. Smith, Exec. Chairman 610 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Louisville, Ky.: Art Center Annual, J. B. Speed Art Museum, Apr. 1-30. Open to residents of Ky. and Southern Ind. Media: painting, graphics, sculpture, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Write: Mrs. Nelle Petersen, 2111 S. First St., Louisville 8, Ky.

Memphis, Tenn.: American Association of University Women, Mississippi River Craft Show, Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, May 5-28. Open to craftsmen in states bordering the Mississippi River. Media: ceramics, textiles, metal, enamel, glass, mosaic. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2 for 3 entries. Write: Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Overton Park, Memphis 12, Tenn.

Merrick, N. Y.: Merrick Art Galleries 1st Annual Graphic Competition, Jan. 13-21. Open to all New York City artists. Media: intaglio, lithographic, planographic, serigraphic. Jury. Prizes. Limit two entries. Fee: \$2 single entry, \$3, two entries. Entry cards and work due Jan. 4. Write Peter Vadrinsky, Merrick Gallerie 1 Merrick Avenue, Merrick, N. Y.

Norwich, Conn.: Norwich Art Association 18th Annual Exhibition, Converse Art Gallery, Mar. 5-26. Open to Conn. artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Feb. 26. Write: Joseph P. Gualtieri, Norwich Art School, Norwich, Conn.

Omaha, Nebr.: 5th Midwest Biennial Design-Craftsmen Exhibition, Joslyn Art Museum, Feb. 12-Mar. 12; Des Moines (Iowa) Art Center, Mar. 17-Apr. 9. Open to all craftsmen of Colo., Ill., Ind., Iowa, Kans., Mich., Minn., Mo., Mont., Neb., Ohio, Okla., N. D., S. D., Wis., Wyo. Media: ceramics (not sculpture), weaving, mosaic, enamel, metal, jewelry. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and fee due Jan. 26, work due Feb. 1. Write: James W. Kreiter, Joslyn Art Museum, 2218 Dodge St., Omaha 2, Nebr.

Phoenix, Ariz.: Phoenix Art Museum Third Annual Exhibition, Apr. 1-30. Open to all artists from Arizona. Media: painting, water color, drawing, sculpture, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2.50 per work. Entry cards and work due Mar. 1. Write: R. D. A. Puckle, Exhibition Chairman, Phoenix Art Museum, 1625 N. Central, Phoenix, Ariz.

Rockford, Ill.: Rockford Art Association 37th Annual Exhibition, March. Open to artists of northern Ill., southern Wisc., excluding Chicago and Milwaukee. Media: oil, water color, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: members \$2, others \$7. Entry cards and work due Feb. 19. Write: Peter S. Adcock, Rockford Art Assn., 737 N. Main St., Rockford, Ill.

Sacramento, Cal.: Creative Arts League of Sacramento 2nd Biennial California Craft Show, E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, Mar. 18-Apr. 23. Open to all California artists. Media: ceramics, mosaic, enamel, sculpture, metal, jewelry, weaving, printed and woven textiles. Jury. Prizes. Write: Creative Arts League, c/o E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, 216 O Street, Sacramento 14, Cal.

Tulsa, Okla.: 21st Annual Oklahoma Artists Exhibition, Philbrook Art Center, Apr. 4-30. Open to all

residents of Okla. or those resident previously for one year. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1 per work. Work due Mar. 4. Write: Dr. Donald G. Humphrey, Dir., Philbrook Art Center, 2727 S. Rockford, Tulsa, Okla.

Wenatchee, Wash.: Washington State Annual Art Exhibition, Washington State Apple Blossom Festival, May. Open to artists of the Western states and Canada. Media: oil, water color, mixed, graphics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due Mar. 30, work due Apr. 8. Write: Washington State Annual Art Exhibition, P. O. Box 850, Wenatchee, Wash.

Youngstown, O.: 13th Annual Ceramic and Sculpture Show. Butler Institute of American Art, Jan. 1-26. Open to residents and former residents of Ohio. Media: ceramic or enamel, also sculpture and jewelry in any medium. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2, plus \$2 handling charge. Work due Nov. 6-Dec. 18. Write: Butler Institute of American Art, 524 Wick Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

Napoleon's Toothbrush

continued from page 27

tion, licensed by the Academy. Who but Valéry could have said that the essential in *Don Juan* is *work*?

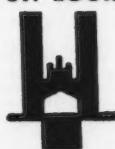
Well, if he lacks excitement he has charm, deliberate as it may be, and the literary person can be delighted by the techniques of this volume, which is full of exquisite manipulations of the convention of the doodle in discourse, advancing far in some directions over the dialogue, the journal or the collection of maxims. If the form and touch are lost on the pictorial person, who often has an archaic taste in styles of thought or philosophizing and may dislike even very careful sketches or the most modest experiments in association, still there is an abundance of content for him in the way of gossip, anecdote and remarks of the great, provided he has a decent weakness for such things. These brief trivialities can often, when shrewdly chosen, elucidate the spirit of a painting better than pages on end of theoretics or documentation, and Valéry often chooses well.

The literary and the pictorial minds, though they can only be amateurs of each other, can at least be that, and not despair of each other. One great charm of this volume is in its vivid account of a relation between the two, in the persons of Valéry and Degas, the former an amateur draftsman and the latter an amateur poet, though both fiercely dedicated to their proper arts. Valéry would pretend not to understand Degas's most trenchant pronouncements, thus teasing him into a fury—or he would revive his maid from a dead faint, Degas being innocent of first aid; Degas would declare that Valéry knew nothing whatsoever about painting—or sing him a cavatina. This personal and practical interchange between the two kinds of mind may well be of more value to both than any serious thought they might offer each other; yet one does regret, with Valéry, the strange lack of a full and precise craftsman's vocabulary in painting, which forces discussion into the highest abstractions and remotest metaphors. How is one to talk *painting*? Or, for that matter, *writing*? Discussion still goes on as if no one had ever painted, drawn or written—as if everyone had only *thought*. One may regret the excess and the violence of criticism in which we live, but the upshot will probably not be a sterile separation of the two kinds of mind, but the formation of a concrete vocabulary. It is this rather than a theory, which Valéry indicates, being a practical craftsman even before he was a classicist.

This volume is not really part of a monument, and it does very little to authenticate a new classicism. After some twenty-five years it is still an engaging, enlivening, civilized and exasperating presence to have sitting around the studio, at least when one is not busy painting, or writing. He does not mean to interrupt. He is *guindé* but good about that: we have his invitation not to read him at all if we like.

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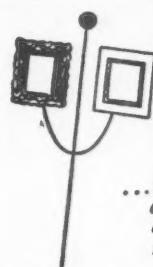
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AKRON, OHIO
ART INSTITUTE, to Dec. 31: Portrait of the Madonna; to Jan. 4: Living Japan

ANN ARBOR, MICH.
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, to Dec. 18: Lithographs of Fantin-Latour

ATLANTA, GA.
ART ASSOCIATION, to Dec. 11: J. Pace; Dec. 1-31: Graduates of the Institute Exhibition; to Jan. 6: V. Sewell

BALTIMORE, MD.
WALTERS ART GALLERY, to Jan. 15: Vases Mounted in Ormolu; Folkwandering Arts

BELOIT, WISC.
SCHERMERHORN GALLERY, to Dec. 10: G. Peterdi; Dec. 13-Jan. 7: Gallery Group

WRIGHT ART CENTER, Dec. 3-21: Permanent Collection; Jan. 5-29: G. Brink

BERLIN, GERMANY
DAHLEM MUSEUM, to mid-Dec.: Landscapes, 1400-1550

BETHLEHEM, PA.
LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, Dec. 4-Jan. 10: Three Centuries of Printmaking in America

BOSTON, MASS.
DOLI & RICHARDS, Dec. 2-29: D. Shepler; Jan. 3-14: E. Munsterberg

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART, to Dec. 24: German Industrial Design and Crafts

MIRSKI GALLERY, Dec.: Christmas Group

MUSEUM, Jan.: Italian Drawings

NOVA GALLERY, to Dec. 17: K. Appel; Dec. 20-Jan. 7: Group Show; Jan. 10-28: N. Dean

SIEMBAB GALLERY, Dec.: W. Chappell; Jan.: S. Labrot; Dec. 1-Jan. 11: Gallery Group

BRIGHTON, MASS.
HENRI STUDIO GALLERY, Dec. 18-31: Group Show; Jan. 9-21: H. Bahm; G. Koras

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA
MUSEO DE ARTE MODERNO, Nov. 11-Dec. 20: International Exhibition of Modern Art

BUFFALO, N.Y.
ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY, to Dec. 31: Paintings from the Gallery Collection

CHARLOTTE, N.C.
MINT MUSEUM, Dec. 18-Jan. 8: J. de Creef; Dec.: P. Zarrella; M. Chagall

CHICAGO, ILL.
ART INSTITUTE, to Dec. 24: Japanese Figure Prints; to Dec. 18: Italian Drawings of Five Centuries; to Dec. 31: Primitive Art from Chicago Collections; Dec. 3-Jan. 8: Christmas Show; Jan. 4-Feb. 12: 64th Annual American Exhibition

ARTS CLUB, Dec.: Construction and Geometry in Painting

CINCINNATI, OHIO
ART MUSEUM, Dec. 1-Jan. 10: Famous Religious Prints; from Dec. 11: Recent Acquisitions; Painting

CONTEMPORARY ARTS CENTER, to Dec. 27: Young French Painters; Jan. 16-Feb. 22: Young Americans

CLEVELAND, OHIO
MUSEUM, to Jan. 1: Year in Review, 1960

CLINTON, N.J.
HUNTERDON COUNTY ART CENTER, Dec.: Holiday Exhibit and Sale

CLINTON, N.Y.
HAMILTON COLLEGE, to Dec. 17: Halper Collection

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.
FINE ARTS CENTER, Dec. 15-Jan. 31: John Hulberg; Jan.: W. H. Calfee

COLUMBUS, OHIO
GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, Dec. 2-23: B. Mahmoud; Dec. 7-27: Five Centuries of European Drawing; Jan. 3-24: Contemporary Spanish Painting; Jan. 6-24: J. Grimes

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, Dec. 5-31: C. Shull

CONCORD, N.H.
ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, to Dec. 11: Three Danish Printmakers

CORAL GABLES, FLA.
LOWE ART GALLERY, to Dec. 31: Six Abstract Painters of Greater Miami; J. Rood

DALLAS, TEX.
MUSEUM FOR CONTEMPORARY ARTS, Dec. 6-Jan. 8: R. Magritte

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, to Dec. 14: Annual Texas Crafts Exhibition; to Dec. 18: The Aldrich Collection

DAVENPORT, IOWA
MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, Dec. 10-Jan. 3: Morris Graves; Christmas Show; Jan. 3-29: The Photograph on Poetry

DAYTON, OHIO
ART INSTITUTE, Dec. 9-31: Ohio Printmakers 1961; 15th Annual Art Center Dayton Exhibition; to Dec. 30: Works by Area Artists; Jan. 6-Feb. 12: Monet and the Giverny Circle

DECATUR, ILL.
ART CENTER, Dec. 10-Jan. 2: Armor, 1000 A. D. to 1850 A. D.

DENVER, COLO.
ART MUSEUM, to Feb. 12: Shape and

Form; to May 21: Western Heritage

DES MOINES, IOWA
ART CENTER, Dec. 1-31: German Artists of Today; J. Lechay

DETROIT, MICH.
INSTITUTE OF ARTS, to Dec. 31: Masterpieces of Flemish Art: Van Eyck to Bosch

EL PASO, TEXAS
ART ASSOCIATION, Dec. 11-Jan. 8: Sun Carnival Exhibition

EVANSVILLE, IND.
MUSEUM OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, Dec. 4-30: D. Burr; P. Selzer

FITCHBURG, MASS.
ART MUSEUM, to Jan. 6: Gifford Beal; F. Carbone

GLASSBORO, N.J.
STATE COLLEGE, Jan. 7-18: I. Zevon

GREENSBORO, N.C.
WOMAN'S COLLEGE, U. OF N.C., to Dec. 15: G. Cable; Print Show; Greensboro Artists League; Jan.: World Literacy Symbol Competition

GREENSBURG, PA.
WESTMORELAND COUNTY MUSEUM, Dec. 4-Jan. 15: Christmas Show; Jan. 24-Feb. 19: T. C. Quirk, Jr.

HARTFORD, CONN.
WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, to Dec. 18: Pierpont Morgan Treasures; 19th and 20th Century French Drawings and Prints; to Dec. 24: Art for Christmas

HOUSTON, TEX.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Dec.-Jan. 22: 35th Annual Houston Artists Exhibition

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
HUNTINGTON GALLERIES, to Dec. 15: Contemporary French Tapestries; Dec. 15-Jan. 8: The Artist in His Studio; Jan. 8-29: Juror's Show

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
HERRON ART MUSEUM, to Jan. 1: American Prints; Jan. 8-Feb. 5: American Romantic Painting

LA JOLLA, CAL.
ART CENTER, to Jan. 1: 1960 Annual Painting and Sculpture Exhibition; Dec. 4-Jan. 4: Contemporary Religious Prints

LINCOLN, MASS.
DE CORDOVA MUSEUM, to Dec. 18: McGinnis Collection of Drawings, Paintings and Sculpture

LONDON, ENGLAND
GIMPEL FILS, Contemporary British; 19th and 20th Century French

WADDINGTON, Dec.: Patrick Heron

LONG BEACH, CAL.
MUSEUM OF ART, Dec. 4-30: Jean Clad

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
COUNTY MUSEUM, to Dec. 13: Gandhara Sculpture; to Dec. 24: E. Deakin; to Jan. 8: Textiles of Antiquity

DWAN GALLERY, Dec. 12-Jan. 7: Drawing Show; Jan. 9-Feb. 4: S. Twardowicz

LANDAU, Nov. 28-Dec. 10: Original Graphics

ROBLES GALLERY, to Dec. 19: K. Benjamin; Dec. 5-31: The American Scene; Davis, Dove, Evergood & Sheeler

TOWER GALLERY, Dec. 6-Jan. 1: Christmas Show; Jan. 3-29: Artists of the Southwest

LOUISVILLE, KY.
SPEED MUSEUM, to Dec. 31: Americans—A View from the East

MADISON, N.J.
FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON UNIVERSITY, to Dec. 12: G. Schwacha; N. Lorne; Dec. 1-Jan. 3: Westfield Art Association Amateur Group Show; Dec. 13-Jan. 9: V. Cavaliero; S. Goodman; A. Cavo; Jan. 10-31: S. Spofford; Feb. 1-21: H. MacDonald; L. Bayak

MANCHESTER, N. H.
CURRIER GALLERY, from Dec. 1: Joseph Stella, drawings; from Dec. 8: Frank Lloyd Wright in Manchester; Contemporary Small Scale Sculpture

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Dec. 4-24: A. Moniech; from Dec. 18: M. Michel

MILWAUKEE, WISC.
ART CENTER, from Dec. 6: Layton Art Galler Collection; Dec. 8-Jan. 15: R. von Neuman; Dec. 15-Jan. 22: Permanent Collection; J. J. Reiss

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER, Dec.: Wisconsin Designers and Craftsmen Show and Sale; Dec. 1-8: Ten Israeli Artists; Dec. 11-Jan. 18: Portrait Show

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE, to Dec. 11: Contemporary Miniatures; Jan. 15-Feb. 26: Faculty Exhibition

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
WALKER ART CENTER, to Dec. 25: The Precisionist View in American Art; Dec. 11-Jan. 30: Useful Gifts 1960

MOUNT VERNON, N.Y.
GALERIA DOMINIC, to Dec. 18: Fred Bawell

GALLERI TEN, to Dec. 24: Print Exhibition and Sale

MUNICH, GERMANY
HAUS DER KUNST, to Dec. 11: Henry Moore; German Artists Association

NEWARK, N.J.
MUSEUM, Dec.: The Painting Media; Olympic Sports in Art; 20th Century American Sculpture; 18th Century American Portraits; Christmas Exhibition

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
ROSS-TALALAY GALLERY, to Jan. 10: A. Danto; J. Risley; Jan. 11-Feb. 7: Festival of American Graphics

NEW LONDON, CONN.
ALLYN MUSEUM, Dec. 9-29: Three Renaissance Architects

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
DELGAZO MUSEUM OF ART, to Dec. 31: The World of Art in 1910

TULANE UNIVERSITY, Jan.: J. Strupeck

NORMAN, OKLA.
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA, to Dec. 13: Eskimo Art; to Dec. 21: Goya Prints

OVERLIN, OHIO
OVERLIN COLLEGE, from Dec. 1: Biennial Purchas Show

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.
ART CENTER, to Dec. 23: W. H. Calfee

OMAHA, NEBR.
JOSLYN ART MUSEUM, Dec. 15-Jan. 8: Story of American Glass

PARIS, FRANCE
DUNCAN GALLERY, Dec.: Prix de New-York 1960; L. Le Guellass

FURSTENBERG, Dec. 13-Jan. 10: Malina

GALERIE DES 4 SAISONS, Nov. 21-Dec. 15: Tsingos

GAVEAU, to Jan. 31: Goya, etchings

LE GENDRE, to Dec. 10: Arnal

LEIRIS, to Dec. 31: Picasso Drawings

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, to Jan. 31: European Art from 1884-1914

NEUVILLE, Dec.: Randolph Parker

RENE, Dec.: Vasarely

VILLANDY ET GALANDIS, Dec.: Lapicque

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, Dec. 13-Jan. 8: 5th International Hallmark Art Award Exhibition

ART ALLIANCE, to Dec. 14: Non-Objective Exhibition; Dec. 3-28: Hugo Robus; Dec. 5-28: Monotypes and Prints; Dec. 5-31: W. Palmer; E. R. Grove; Dec. 14-Jan. 8: M. Chernin; H. N. Watson; Dec. 16-Jan. 18: Animal Prints; Jan. 5-22: Lee Gatch

COLEMAN ART GALLERY, Dec. 10-30: P. Kremegne

CARL SCHURZ FOUNDATION, to Dec. 31: R. Schools

MUSEUM, Nov. 17-Jan. 8: French and Italian Renaissance Prints

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, Dec. 15-Feb. 15: The Ruins of Rome

PHOENIX, ARIZ.
ART MUSEUM, Dec.: Chinese Art: Indonesian Folk Art Show; A. Mahler; C. Everley, Arizona Landscapes; Jan.: H. Moore; Chinese Art; K. Seligmann

PITTSBURGH, PA.
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, to Dec. 11: Art Nouveau; Dec. 1-Jan. 29: International Contemporary Glass; Dec. 5-Jan. 8: Albrecht Durer Engravings; Dec. 11-Jan. 15: R. B. Beaman

PLAN FOR ART, Nov. 20-Dec. 24: Art for Giving

PORTLAND, ORE.
NEW GALLERY OF CONTEMPORARY ART, Dec. 4-23: Paintings and Sculpture for Collectors

MUSEUM, to Dec. 23: Oregon Juried Print Exhibition

PRINCETON, N.J.
ART MUSEUM, to Dec. 11: Northern Renaissance Prints; Dec. 1-30: 17th and 18th Century European Painting

ROCHESTER, N.Y.
MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, Dec.: Major Paintings from the Whitney Museum; 1960 Jurors' Show; Christmas Show

RALEIGH, N.C.
MUSEUM OF ART, Dec. 11-Jan. 22: 1960 Annual North Carolina Artists' Competition

RECKLINGHAUSEN, GERMANY
STADTISCHE KUNSTHALLE, to Jan. 15: Synagoga—Jewish Religious Art

ROCHESTER, N.Y.
ROCKPORT, MASS.

ART ASSOCIATION, to Dec. 24: Christmas Exhibition

ROSWELL, N.M.
MUSEUM AND ART CENTER, Dec. 16-Jan. 7: E. Deason; Jan. 8-Feb. 3: C. Wells

ROWAYTON, CONN.
FIVE MILE RIVER GALLERY, Nov. 19-Dec. 24: Feldman, Pierce, Pozzatti

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
ART LEAGUE, Jan. 8-Feb. 8: 22nd Annual Texas Painting and Sculpture Show

SAN DIEGO, CAL.
FINE ARTS GALLERY, to Dec. 11: Kimberly Collection; Dec. 2-Jan. 1: San Diego Collects: 1925-1960

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BOILLES GALLERY, Dec. 13-Jan. 6: Annual Christmas Exhibition

CALIFORNIA PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, to Jan. 1: F. Reichman; Jan.: Bertha Morisot

DE YOUNG MUSEUM, from Dec. 29: New Paintings from Yugoslavia; Dec.: G. Woo; C. Maronec; H. M. Leippe

DILEXI GALLERY, Dec. 12-Jan. 7: J. Col-

lins; Jan. 9-Feb. 4: R. De Forest

GUMP'S GALLERY, Dec. 5-31: Six Centuries in Drawings

MUSEUM OF ART, to Jan. 1: Philip Evergood; Dec. 12-Jan. 23: Rockefeller Folk Art Exhibition; Dec. 9-26: Christmas Festival

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.
MUSEUM OF ART, to Dec. 18: Painting and Prints for Purchase; Max Beckmann; W. Rohrbach; Madonnas and Religious Figures

SANTA FE, N.M.
ART GALLERY, to Dec. 15: Boulder Artists Guild Exhibition

SARASOTA, FLA.
COMMUNITY GALLERY, Dec.: H. Hilsen

SEATTLE, WASH.
ART MUSEUM, Dec. 7-Feb. 5: Religious Art 1960 Assemblies; A. I. A. Home Awards Exhibition

FRYE MUSEUM, Dec. 15-Jan. 15: Chagall: The Bible; Jan. 16-Feb. 5: Flavor and Fragrance

SHERMAN OAKS, CALIF.
JANIS, Dec.: 20th Century Masters

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
ART CENTER, to Dec. 12: M. Lasansky; Dec. 14-Jan. 11: O. Howe; Christmas Bazaar; Jan. 15-Feb. 5: Artists Equity Show

SOLINGEN, GERMANY
DEUTSCHES KLINGENMUSEUM, Dec.: Contemporary Art from Africa

SOUTH BEND, IND.
ART CENTER, Dec. 4-25: Prints Unlimited: Contemporary American Drawings; Jan. 8-29: Boulder Artists Guild Show; Mrs. J. O'Brien

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, to Dec. 18: Springfield Art League Exhibition; Jan. 29-Feb. 26: Kuniyoshi Centennial Memorial Show

SMITH ART MUSEUM, to Dec. 22: Christmas Bazaar

SYRACUSE, N.Y.
LOVE ART CENTER, to Dec. 18: Drawings from Latin America

EVERSON MUSEUM OF ART, to Jan. 8: 21st Ceramic National Exhibition

TOLEDO, OHIO
MUSEUM OF ART, Dec. 5-23: Christmas Program; Jan. 7-Feb. 20: 17th Century French Art

TORONTO, CANADA
ART GALLERY, to Jan. 2: Royal Canadian Academy; Jan. 6-Feb. 5: American Painting 1865-1905; Feb. 10-Mar. 12: Vincent Van Gogh

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, to Dec. 30: Early Maps, Samuel Collection

TULSA, OKLA.
PHILBROOK ART CENTER, Dec. 6-27: Private Worlds; Art Book Exhibition; Jan. 3-Feb. 2: 12th National Print Exhibition; Persian and Islamic Paintings; University of Kansas Faculty Exhibition

UTICA, N.Y.
MUNSON-WILLIAMS-PROCTOR INSTITUTE MUSEUM, to Dec. 31: Art Across America: 300 Works from the Institute Collection; The Erie Canal; Jan. 3-31: Works from the Institute Collection; Jan. 15-Feb. 28: 24th Annual Artists of Central New York Show

WASHINGTON, D.C.
AMERICAN UNIVERSITY, to Dec. 16: Print Exhibition

CORCORAN GALLERY, to Dec. 13: S. Eastman; Jan. 14-Feb. 26: 27th Biennial of Contemporary American Painting

GRES GALLERY, to Dec. 17: Six Contemporary Japanese Artists

NATIONAL GALLERY, Dec.: 17th Century French Art; Jan.-Feb.: Civil War Drawings and Water Colors

WINNIPEG, CANADA
ART GALLERY, Dec. 29-Jan. 31: Vincent Van Gogh

WORCESTER, MASS.
ART MUSEUM, to Jan. 2: Museum Constructors Exhibition

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
BUTLER INSTITUTE, Jan. 1-Feb. 26: Annual Ceramic and Sculpture Show

NEW YORK CITY

Museums:

BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), to Jan. 9: Egyptian Sculpture of the Late Period Nov. 22-Jan. 2: Jacob Lawrence; Nov. 10-Dec. 31: Mexican Market

CHASE (5th Ave.), Structural

COOPER UNION (Cooper Sq.), Nov. 21-16-Feb. 5: Japanese Design Today

GUGGENHEIM (1071 5th at 88), Dec. 11: New York Guild of Handweavers

JEWISH MUSEUM (1109 5th at 92), Dec. 8-Feb. 28: National Civil War Centennial METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), Jan. 8: METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), Jan. 8:

from Dec. 9: Dubuffet, drawing retrospective
CRESPI (1153 Mad. at 85), Contemporary Paintings and Sculpture
D'ARCY (1091 Mad. at 83), Nov. 28-Jan. 14: International Surrealist Exhibition
DAVIS (231 E. 60), Dec. 10-Jan. 14: James Preston; 20th Century Drawings
DE AENLLE (59 W. 53), Dec. 6-31: Christmas Under Glass; Jan. 3-21: George Damiani
DEITCHS (1018 Mad. at 79), Nov. 26-Dec. 24: Drew De Shong
DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), Dec. 9-Jan. 31: Ancient Ceramics of Panama and Costa Rica
DE NAGY (149 E. 72), Dec.: Larry Rivers; Jan. 3-28: Robert Goodnough
DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), Dec. 5-24: 35th Annual Christmas Show; Robert Osborn, drawings
DUNCAN (215 E. 82), to Dec. 17: Australian Art; Gemma Vercelli; Dec. 17-30: Lise Joubliaux, Dolbeau; Dec. 5-20: Loïc Le Guellass, Dec. 5-30: Prix de N. Y.; Dec. 1-15: Piero Nitato; Kathleen Chandler
DUO (42 E. 76), Dec. 5-31: Christmas Invitation; Jan. 3-21: Myrna Minter
DURLACHER (11 E. 57), Nov. 29-Dec. 24: Walter Stein; Old Master Drawings; Jan. 3-28: Peter Blume
DUVEEN (18 E. 79), Dec.: Andrea del Castagno
EGAN (313 E. 79), Dec.: Reuben Nakian; Jan.: Elias Goldberg
EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), Jan. 16-28: Al Hollingsworth
EMMERICH (17 E. 64), Nov. 29-Dec. 24: Maryan; Dec. 29-Jan. 21: Aspects of Surrealism in Pre-Columbian Art
ESTE (965a Mad. at 76), Nov. 15-Dec. 31: Christmas Sale
F.A.R. (746 Mad. at 65), Dec. 5-24: Giraud de l'Ain; Jan. 16-28: Goddard
FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), Dec.: American & French Paintings; Jan. 5-21: Zero Mostel
FEINGARTEN (1018 Mad. at 79), Dec. 6-31: Abbot Pattison
FINLAY (11 E. 57), Dec. 1-17: Gabriel Godard; Jan. 2-Feb. 15: School of Paris
FRIED (40 E. 68), Dec.: Modern Masters
FRUMKIN (32 E. 57), Dec.: Matta, drawings; Jan.: Art of the South Seas
FULTON (61 Fulton), Dec.: Group; Jan. 5-Feb. 4: Tamara Kerr
FURMAN (46 E. 80), Dec.: Primitive and Pre-Columbian
G GALLERY (200 E. 59), Nov. 22-Dec. 17: James Kearns; Jan. 11-Feb. 1: Peter Paone
GERSON (41 E. 57), to Dec. 10: J. M. W. Turner; Dec. 13-31: American & European Paintings and Drawings
GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Nov. 29-Dec. 31: Elaine de Kooning; Jan. 4-28: Louis Eisner
J. GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Dec. 7-31: Oscar Bluemner
GRAND CENTRAL (40 Vanderbilt at 43), Dec. 6-17: Peter Hayward; Dec. 1-25: Christmas Show
GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad. at 79), Nov. 26-Dec. 15: George Morrison; Dec. 17-Jan. 5: Watts; Gigi Ford; Jan. 7-26: Group
GREAT JONES (5 Great Jones St.), Nov. 28-Dec. 18: Robert Beauchamp; Dec. 18-Jan. 8: R. Nakian; P. Agostini, P. Pavia, G. Spaventa
GREEN (15 W. 57), to Dec. 10: George Segal; Dec. 13-Jan. 7: Group; Jan. 10-Feb. 4: Tadaaki Kuyama
HAHN (611 Mad. at 58), to Dec. 10: Paysage de France; Jan.: International School
HALL OF ART (Dec. 1-31): Contemporary American & Europeans
HAMMER (51 E. 57), Dec. 6-24: Ludwig Bemelmans
HARTERT (22 E. 58), Dec.: French & American Primitives
HELLER (63 E. 57), to Dec. 10: Al Hirschfeld; Dec. 12-Jan. 8: Christmas Show; Jan. 3-28: Vassilieff
HERBERT (14 E. 69), Dec. 1-24: R. Courtright, C. Hill, E. Plunkett; Jan. 2-28: Fay Lonsdale
HICKS ST. (48 Hicks St.), Nov. 25-Dec. 15: Graphics by European Masters; Dec. 16-Jan. 10: Captain H. Mulzer, W. Herrick
HIGHGATE (827 3rd of 51), Dec. 7-Jan. 3: Group; Jan. 4-24: Don Bloom
HIRSCHL & ADLER (21 E. 67), Nov. 22-Dec. 31: 19th & 20th Century American and French
HUTTON (41 E. 57), Nov. 23-Dec. 31: Art for Christmas
IBM (16 E. 57), Dec. 5-30: Christmas in the Middle Ages
INTERNATIONAL ART (55 W. 56), Dec. 8-18: John J. Myers; Dec. 19-31 Group; Jan. 2-11: Group
INTERNATIONALE (1095 Mad. at 82), Dec. 2-14: M. Hahn; Dec. 6-20: Woldemar Neufeld
INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL CLUB (84 E. 10), Nov. 25-Dec. 16: Stephan Lukos; Dec. 16-Jan. 5: Society of American Painters and Sculptors
IOLAS (123 E. 55), Dec. 5-31: Irving Penn; Jan. 9-28: James Metcalf; William Cooley
ISAACSON (22 E. 66), Nov. 15-Dec. 10: John Wilde; Dec. 13-Jan. 7: 19th Century Painters
JACKSON (32 E. 69), Nov. 22-Dec. 17: Michael Goldberg; Dec. 3-Jan. 14: The Enormous Room; Dec. 20-Jan. 14: Internationais
JAMES (70 E. 12), Dec. 9-Jan. 6: Christmas Show
JANIS (15 E. 57), Dec. 5-Jan. 7: Fernand Leger; Jan. 9-Feb. 4: Robert Matherwell
JUSTER (154 E. 79), Nov. 28-Jan. 5: Christmas Exhibition; Jan. 9-28: Young Painters
KENNEDY (13 E. 58), Dec.: Paintings of the Old West
KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Nov. 30-Dec. 31: 19th & 20th Century Water Colors
KOOTZ (655 Mad. at 60), Dec. 6-24: Georges Mathieu; Philippe Hosiasson; Jan. 3-21: James Brooks
KOTTLER (3 E. 65), Dec. 5-17: 5 Man; Dec. 19-31: 6 Man
KRASER (1061 Mad. at 81), Nov. 15-Dec. 20: Small Works; Dec. 5-30: Lawrence Lebduska
KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), Nov. 16-Dec. 10: Ulfer Wilke; Dec. 19-31: Group; Jan. 2-21: Leonard De Longa
LANDRY (712 5th at 56), Dec.: Frederick Franck; Peter Blanc, drawings; Jan. 3-21: Tania
LATOW (13 E. 63), Nov. 15-Dec. 18: Betty Parsons; Dec. 19-Jan. 15: Group
LEFEBRE (47 E. 77), Dec. 6-30: Petit Format; from Jan. 3: Baumeister; Hartung
LITTLE STUDIO (787 Mad. at 67), from Dec. 1: Jan de Ruth
LOEB (12 E. 57), Nov. 7-Dec. 10: Lansky; Dec. 13-31: School of Paris; Jan. 1-Feb. 15: Ranieri
MADISON (600 Mad. at 56), Dec. 3-16: S. Reznikoff, R. Taugner; Dec. 17-30: M. Harston, H. Woody
MARCH GROUP (95 E. 10), Group
MATISSE (41 E. 57), Nov. 29-Dec. 17: Manuel Rivera
MAYER (762 Mad. at 65), Nov. 22-Dec. 10: Claire Falkenstein; Jan. 3-21: Ronald Stein
MELTZER (38 W. 57), Dec. 5-Jan. 7: Holiday Review; Jan. 9-Feb. 11: Tetsuro Sawada
MI CHOU (801 Mad. at 67), Nov. 29-Dec. 23: Christmas Group
MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), Nov. 22-Dec. 10: Annette Bartle; Dec. 13-Jan. 7: Jason Schoener; Jan. 9-Feb. 4: Emlen Etting
MILCH (21 E. 67), Dec.: 19th & 20th Century Americans
MONEDE (299 Mad. at 74), Nov. 29-Dec. 31: Group Show; Verda Zitzer; Jan. 10-31: Samuel Bookatz
MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), Dec. 5-24: Sister Mary Corita; Dec. 26-Jan. 7: Gallery Artists
NATIONAL ARTS CLUB (15 Gramercy Pk.), Dec. 5-12: Lee Lentelli; Dec. 7-30: Metropolitan Young Artists
NESSLER (178 Mad. at 64), Nov. 28-Dec. 17: John Groth; Dec. 19-Jan. 7: Gordon Samstag; Jan. 9-28: Doris W. Kennedy
NEW (50 E. 78), Dec.: European & Americans
NEW ART CENTER (1193 Lex. at 81), Dec. 1-31: Nolde, Klee, Grosz, water colors
NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), Dec.: Selections from the Gallery's Collection
NEW MASTERS (19 E. 69), Nov. 14-Dec. 10: Sascha Moldovan
NEW SCHOOL (66 W. 12), Dec. 12-Jan. 9: 21 Uruguayan Artists
NONAGON (99 2nd at 6), Dec.: Group
NORDNESS (831 Mad. at 69), Dec. 6-Jan. 7: Religion in Contemporary Art; Jan. 9-28: Julian Levi
NORVAL (53 E. 57), Nov. 14-Dec. 10: Michel Cadoret; Dec. 12-Jan. 7: Minna Citron
OLD PRINT CENTER (161 E. 52), Dec.: Old Prints and Contemporary Graphics
PADAWER (112 4th at 12), Dec. 6-31: Remo Brindisi; Jan. 3: Denver Lindley
PANORAS (62 W. 56), Dec. 5-17: Lora Civkin; Dec. 19-31: Franklin Wurster; Jan. 2-14: Genevieve Anderson
PARIS (126 E. 36), Dec.: Master Graphics
PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), Dec. 2-17: Enrique Montenegro; Dec. 19-Jan. 7: Gallery Group
PARSONS (15 E. 57), Nov. 28-Dec. 17: Enrico Donati; Dec. 19-Jan. 7: Drawings; Jan. 10-28: Chrissy Peridot
POLLACK (280 Mad. at 68), Nov. 21-Dec. 17: Regional Pollack; Dec. 19-Jan. 14: Group; Jan. 6-Feb. 11: Jason Berger
PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), Dec.: Modern Masters; Jan. 10-Feb. 18: Trends of the Twenties in the School of Paris
PHOENIX (40 3rd at 10), Nov. 25-Dec. 15: Frank Bernarducci; Dec. 16-Jan. 5: Invitation; Jan. 6-26: Leon De Leeuw
PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Dec. to Dec. 31: Yarnall; Dec. 1-15: Didie Mae; Jan. 1-15: Malcolm G. Anderson
POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), Nov. 21-Dec. 10: Hyde Solomon; Dec. 12-Jan. 7: James Weeks
POOR MAN'S (438 E. 75), Nov. 25-Dec. 22: Gino Doria
PORTRAITS INC. (136 E. 57), Dec.: Contemporary Portraits
PROTEO (24 E. 67), Dec.: Enrique Climent RADICH (818 Mad. at 68), Nov. 15-Dec. 10: Peter Agostini; Dec. 12-Jan. 7: Kanemitsu
RAY (325 Flatbush Ave.), Nov. 26-Dec. 16: Juliette Gordon
REHN (36 E. 61), Dec. 5-30: Alexander Russo; Jan. 3-28: Charles Burchfield
ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), Nov. 29-Dec. 22: Louis Finkelstein; Jan. 9-Feb. 1: Jack Sanen
ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), Nov. 21-Dec. 17: Hamilton Fraser; Dec. 19-Jan. 7: Group; Jan. 9-Feb. 4: Peter Kinney
SAGITARIUS (777 Mad. at 67), Nov. 28-Dec. 10: Guarneri; Dec. 12-31: Perfetti; Jan. 3-14: Jusselin Brody
SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), Nov. 22-Dec. 31: Georges Mathieu; Jan. 3-14: Picasso, 13 New Paintings
ST. ETIENNE (24 W. 57), Nov. 15-Dec. 15: Egon Shiele; Jan. 16-Feb. 6: Marvin Meissel
SALPETER (42 E. 57), from Nov. 21-Dec. 31: Contemporary Americans
SCHAFFER (32 E. 57), Dec. 5-30: Contemporary Drawings; Jan. 2-21: Walter Kamys; Contemporary American Sculpture
SCHAIVEN (236 E. 53), Nov. 30-Dec. 30: The Manhattan Group; Jan. 10-Feb. 7: Gregory Battcock
SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Dec.: Modern French Paintings; Jan. 10-28: Adele Brandwein
SCHWEITZER (205 E. 54), Dec.: Drawings and Small Paintings for Christmas
SCULPTURE CENTER (161 E. 69), Dec. 1-24: Group
SECTION ELEVEN (11 E. 57), Nov. 29-Dec. 17: George Wardlaw; Dec. 20-31: New Names; Jan. 9-28: Sven Lukin
SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Dec. 1-31: Sculpture from the Congo
SEIFERHELD (158 E. 64), Dec.: Italian 18th Century Theater Designs
SELECTED ARTISTS (903 Mad. at 72), Dec. 6-17: Amy G. Smoll; Dec. 20-31: Fred Taubes; Jan. 3-14: Philip B. Leavitt
SHERMAN (306 E. 72), to Dec. 29: Paintings, Sculpture, Graphics; Jan. 7-21: Ann Matthews
SLATKIN (115 E. 92), Nov. 15-Dec. 10: Berthe Morisot; Dec. 11-31: Drawings as Gifts; Jan. 10-Feb. 8: Old and Modern Master Drawings
SMALL (8 E. 75), Dec. 1-15: Pre-Columbian Art
STABLE (924 7th at 58), Nov. 28-Dec. 17: Robert Birmelin; Dec. 19: Group
STAEMPLI (47 E. 77), Nov. 29-Dec. 31: Brancusi; Jan. 3-28: New Acquisitions
STUTTMAN (13 E. 75), from Dec. 13: Intimate Sized Works of Major Importance—American Scene; Galleria 13—International Scene
SUDAMERICANA (10 E. 8), Dec. 5-31: Latin American Christmas Show
TANAGER (90 E. 10), Nov. 25-Dec. 15: Sidney Geist; Dec. 16-Jan. 4: Christmas Group
TEM FOUR GROUP (73 4th at 10), to Dec. 16: Richard Spyer
TERRAIN (20 W. 16), to Dec. 12: The Real Show; Dec. 15-Jan. 15: Regina Dienes Todd (25 Barrow), Nov. 22-Dec. 22: Howard Rocklife
TOZZI (137 E. 57), Medieval Art
TRABIA (14 E. 95), Dec. 1-23: Howard Baer
TWO EXPLORERS (329 E. 47), Nov. 28-Dec. 20: Bruce Dorfman; Dec. 21-30: Group
VALENTE (119 W. 57), Nov. 15-Feb. 12: Group of 25 Americans
VAN DIEMEN-LILIENTHAL (21 E. 57), Nov. 29-Dec. 20: Richard Langseth Christensen
VERCEL (23 E. 63), Nov. 15-Dec. 31: Great Names—Small Sizes
VILLAGE ART CENTER (39 Grove St.), Dec. 5-22: Prizewinners Annual; Dec. 27-Jan. 12: Mid Season Water Color Show
VIVIANO (42 E. 57), Nov. 15-Dec. 10: Jan Cox; Dec. 13-Jan. 10: Group
WALKER (117 E. 57), Dec.: Small Pictures for Christmas
WARREN, see Cordier
WASHINGTON IRVING (49 Irving Pl.), Nov. 21-Dec. 10: Luka, Eisnerius, Hart, Hasdani; Dec. 12-31: Christmas Group
WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), Dec. 1-30: Group
WHITE (42 E. 57), Nov. 13-Dec. 31: Kurt Seligmann
WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), Nov. 3-Dec. 10: Berthe Morisot; Dec. 15-Jan. 7: Charles Lutyens
WILLARD (23 W. 56), Nov. 29-Dec. 31: Early Japanese Screens; Jan. 3-28: Todashi Sato
WISE (50 W. 57), Nov. 15-Dec. 10: Lee Krasner; Dec. 13-Jan. 7: Water Colors by Gallery Painters; Jan. 10-Feb. 4: David Weinrib
WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), to Dec. 15: Le Corbusier; Ossip Zadkine, lithographs; Dec. 15-Jan. 15: Original Lithographs and Etchings
WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), Nov. 29-Jan. 7: Morandi
ZABRISKIE (36 E. 61), Dec. 12-31: Miyoko Ita, Jerryold Ballaine

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